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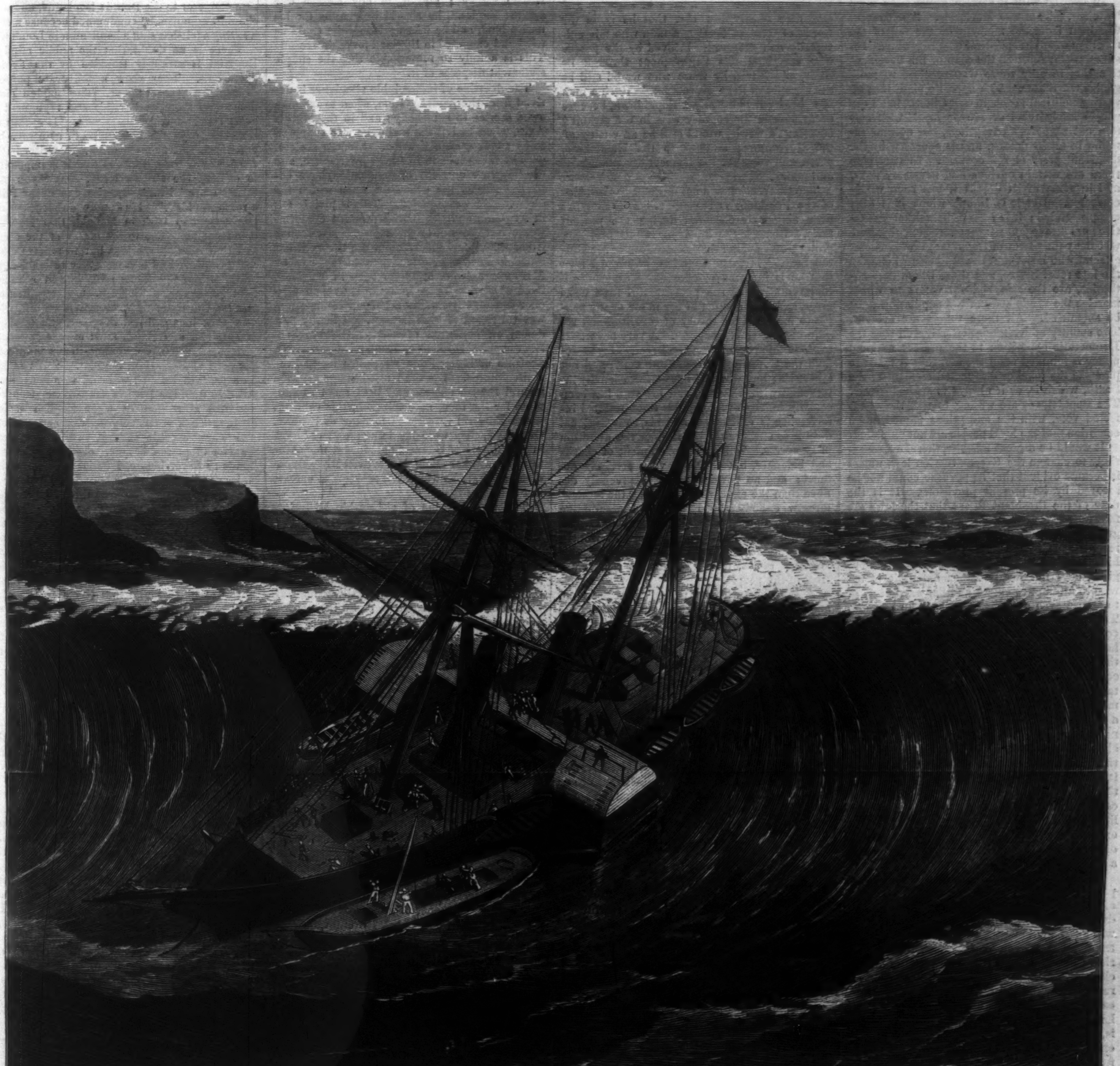
THE LATE EARTHQUAKE AT ST. THOMAS.

We have before given some account and illustrations of the effects of the late earthquakes and tornadoes which lately visited the West Indies. Among other illustrations was one showing the effect of the great tidal wave which accompanied the earthquake upon the United States steamer *Monongahela*. It will be remembered that this vessel was washed out of the ocean, over the warehouses of the town of St. Croix to the market-place, and again carried back over the same warehouses, and landed high and dry on a coral bank on the edge of the town. We give below an illustration showing this same disastrous tidal wave at the moment it struck the English steamer *La Plata* while lying at Water Island, three miles from St. Thomas. This tidal wave is described by those who saw it as "a monstrous breaker, or rather a sea-wall, variously estimated at from thirty to sixty feet high, and flowing at a rate of at least fifty miles an hour."

The *La Plata* had a very narrow escape. She had commenced coaling and taking cargo on board from three large hulks alongside, 100 or 200 negroes being employed upon the work, with their usual clatter and noise. When the earthquake occurred, it was felt quite as strongly in the ship as ashore. Some thought the boiler had burst; some that the ship was struck by whales. But the excitement was great, and the negroes were as wild with panic as those ashore. The alarm had scarcely subsided when there was a cry of "It's coming; it's coming!" The negroes swarmed on deck, the sailors rushed up the rigging, and the great wave was seen sweeping along in unchecked fury and stretching the whole width of the horizon. There was a roar like thunder. Captain Revett seized the wheel and endeavored to present the stern of the ship to the advancing wall; but it struck her on the starboard quarter. Though she reeled, groaned, and staggered with the blow, the wave passed her with no more serious injury than a shattered bulwark and a few tons of salt-water on her decks. The passengers were landed for safety at Water Island, and sent round to St. Thomas, where the *La Plata* subsequently had to proceed for repairs and to coal. A complimentary address was subsequently presented to Captain Revett by the passengers; for his conduct and that of his crew under the trying circumstances they were placed in. It will be remembered that over eighty vessels were lost by the earthquake and hurricane at St. Thomas.



THE WEST INDIA EARTHQUAKES—EFFECT OF THE TIDAL WAVE AT ST. THOMAS ON THE STEAMER "LA PLATA

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Saturday, January 25, 1868.

LEAVE WELL ENOUGH ALONE.

THE Reconstruction Act is already in active operation, and any essential change in it would inevitably awaken suspicions which would endanger the purpose contemplated by the bill. The country fully understands the necessity and the principle of the course pursued by Congress. The late rebel States could be reorganized only by those who rebelled or by the whole body of their people. To say that the United States were compelled to intrust reconstruction exclusively to those who were disaffected, when there was an immense loyal population at their sides, is the sheerest folly. The Constitution which authorized the war does not demand the abdication of common-sense in regulating reconstruction.

We were constantly told during the war, and certainly nobody familiar with our political history, and who reasoned from observation of human nature, doubted that the great multitude of the old political class in the Southern States heartily and sincerely sustained the rebellion. They believed in the righteousness of slavery, and in the constitutionality of secession. Their belief has not changed. They have discovered that they are not able to put their faith into practice, and they have ceased to try. That is all. Nobody ought to be surprised by it, nor angry with it. But we should be unspeakably silly if we acted as if this were not the fact.

In dealing with it certain grave risks must be taken. That was inevitable. The country was bent from the moment of the fall of the rebellion upon the speediest reconstruction. Instinctively it rejected the plan of the President to authorize only those who rebelled to reorganize the States. The opposite plan, that of vesting political power in those States in all the people lately rebel or always loyal, with certain not numerous exceptions, has become familiar in all its details, and is accepted by the dominant party of the country. In that plan there are certain obvious and necessary risks, and in some of its details it has been wisely corrected. But it is in operation; it is fully comprehended; it is seen to be neither vindictive nor extravagant; it is opposed only by those who deny the power of Congress to intervene at all, and who insist that the old political class in the late rebel States, and those whom they authorize, are the sole rightful voters to whose mercies the whole body of the population must be submitted. All these things are evident. The country understands perfectly well that the Democratic opposition to the present national policy is founded upon the fact that it tends to paralyze the rebel or disaffected element at the South, which is, as it always was, Democratic. The Republicans are willing to risk the disaffected vote, with the exceptions named, upon condition that the loyal people are not excluded.

It would be a great mistake, therefore, essentially to change the Reconstruction law, unless it became evident that its purpose could not be secured by its present provisions. It is the duty of the President to see that the laws are faithfully executed, and in such manner as Congress may prescribe in the laws. If he fails or refuses, it is the duty of Congress to impeach him. But if his conduct, in the opinion of Congress, does not justify impeachment it is not wise to attempt to create another executive, or to arouse even a suspicion of such an attempt. The great desire of loyal Union men in the country is the earliest restoration of the States lately in rebellion to their practical relations in the Union, upon condition of the security of the equal rights of their citizens. The risk to be taken is, that with this condition these States might vote with the Democratic party, which is a standing menace to the Union. But this is a necessary risk. When the political equality of all citizens is secured in the Southern States this risk must be taken. The defense against it, provided in the Reconstruction Bill itself, is the 14th Constitutional Amendment. There can be no other permanent security of the political power of the whole people in any State, except by a Constitutional Amendment forbidding disfranchisement on account of color, or by a law of Congress to the same effect.

We are not aware that any large number of persons once enfranchised in this country have afterward been deprived of the ballot; and we doubt if the good sense of the American people will allow the experiment to be tried upon so tremendous a scale, and with so enormous a risk, as it would be in the Southern States. A class or race which has no political power is really at the mercy of that which has; and this condition is peculiarly perilous where one class has an especial hostility toward the other. This is, from obvious causes, the case in the Southern States, and of itself would forbid the disfranchisement of the Freedmen. Besides, their share in political power is now felt to be a national necessity, and should any State restored to the Union, with a constitution securing equal rights, undertake to disfranchise a virtual half of its population, a Constitutional Amendment settling the point forever would be passed by the other States. In some of the Southern States, also, the vote of those sought to be disfranchised would defeat such a proposition.

We trust, therefore, that no serious change will be attempted in the Reconstruction policy. It presents plainly the real question before the country; and, unless the political reaction is to be as overwhelming as that which brought back Charles the Second to his father's throne, and which naturally and inevitably ended in another revolution that secured the result which the reaction had delayed, it is safe to say that the new citizens in the Southern States will remain voters.

THE STATE AND NATIONAL CONVENTIONS.

The Republican Convention of this State to elect delegates to the National Convention will meet in Syracuse on the 5th of February. The State Convention in 1864 expressed its unanimous preference for Abraham Lincoln for the Presidency. It did so in obedience to the conviction of the great body of Republicans in the State that while there might be many worthy men, he, under all the circumstances, was the best man. If there be any man now who seems to the Convention as peculiarly the proper candidate as Abraham Lincoln seemed in 1864, we hope it will not fail to say so.

The National Convention will certainly nominate no man of whose sympathy with their principles and purpose the delegates are not fully assured, although the grounds of their confidence may be very various. The nomination will be the expression of a profound conviction that the candidate is not only a man of sagacity and executive ability, but also that he is, in the words of General Grant, a man who "is universally and deservedly beloved by the people who sustained this Government through its trials, and feared by those who would still be the enemies of the Government." Such a man of necessity is politically a Republican, because every man in the country who, in the meaning of Grant's words, would still be an enemy of the Government adheres to the Democratic party, and votes for the Democratic candidates and policy.

The Convention will not forget that the office of the President is executive. This fact has been singularly obscured during the present term. Because the President is to "preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States" Mr. Johnson has an absurd idea that he is in some manner more especially a representative of the popular will than Congress, and may assume in the name of the people to maintain his theory of constitutional requirement against Congress. A very few words explode this pretense. The President is to defend the Constitution constitutionally, and not otherwise; and when he has constitutionally intervened with his veto, and his veto has been constitutionally overcome, his constitutional interference is exhausted, and his constitutional duty is to execute the laws under the direction of Congress. This is a government of checks and balances, but they are very precisely defined; and no powers are more precisely defined than the executive, because "the fathers" foresaw exactly the Presidential assumption which we daily see. They meant, of course, that the final authority of the Government should reside somewhere, and they properly vested it at last in the immediate representatives of the people.

A President with a "policy" therefore is an anomaly and an absurdity in our system. He will, of course, have his preferences and opinions: he will have his views of the public welfare and of official duty: and he will not hesitate to veto whatever measure he disapproves. But beyond this the President can not constitutionally go. When he appeals in a stump-speech to the people against these representatives, the only proper reply, if any body chooses to reply at all to a magistrate who so ridiculously misconceives his office, is that upon his own ground the opinion of two hundred representatives of the people ought to prevail against that of one representative. Presidents Pierce and Buchanan prostituted their office to the basest purposes, but in what may be called a legitimate way. That is, they executed the infamous policy of their party majority in Congress. But Mr. Johnson, bred in the same school—which should have been warning enough for the Republicans who nominated him—has striven to familiarize the country with the theory that the President is not so much the executor of the popular will in Congress as the immediate representative of the sovereignty of the people, and that therefore Congress should be in some way accountable to him as it is to them.

Of this theory and its consequences the country has had enough, and except for the preposterous assertion of it by the President the Southern States would now be peacefully restored to the Union. We anticipate, therefore, from the National Convention the nomination of a man who holds the simple, Constitutional view of the Presidency: who sees in the policy of the people's representatives the will of the people: whose sagacity and firmness will be the pledge that whatever he recommends will be wise and conciliatory, and that whatever the people in Congress decree will be done. That is to say, we expect the nomination of General Grant.

DOUBLE ALLEGIANCE.

It is pleasant to see that sensible Englishmen perceive the folly of the English theory of inalienable allegiance, and wish a friendly and reasonable settlement of the question. "Historicus," which is the signature in the *Times* of Mr. Vernon Harcourt, has written a letter in which he calmly discusses the subject, and we commend his temper and candor to the orators who may be invited to address American meetings upon the same topic. "If modern civilization means any thing at all," says Historicus, "it surely means that nations should be enabled, in free and friendly debate, to adjust the spirit of their laws to the necessities of modern society and the accommodation of conflicting claims."

It seems that the English doctrine of allegiance is even more absurd than we had supposed. All persons born within the British dominions are British subjects, whether their parents are or not; and the children and grandchildren of all such persons, wherever born, are equally British subjects. So, if the wife of a Frenchman who has never been out of France, nor any of his ancestors before him, should chance to be passing a week in England, and to be confined there, her son, although taken home to France as soon as the mother can travel, and never leaving France again, is a British subject. Moreover, *his* son in turn is also a British subject; and if, in any French war against England, he should bear arms for his native land, and be taken prisoner, he could be tried and executed in England for high treason! This is a folly so remarkable that the simple statement disposes of it.

The doctrine of indissoluble allegiance is derived from the feudal system, when every man owed service to somebody; and in the Middle Ages, when he left the realm, he was supposed to be evading an obligation. Modern society, with its inventions to facilitate intercourse, and the immense currents of emigration, have entirely changed the principles upon which the old doctrine was founded. This is plainly felt in England, and the British practice conforms to the fact and not to the theory. Even when it has threatened to carry out the theory it has failed to do it. Historicus mentions the case of Macdonald, who, although born in England, lived always in France, and being taken prisoner while acting under a French commission, was convicted of high treason, but finally pardoned on condition of leaving the kingdom forever. In 1812, also, England asserted the doctrine of indissoluble allegiance against the United States. But the United States arrested several British officers and held them as hostages for the men, naturalized in this country, whom England threatened to hang as traitors. Of course, they were not hung; and although in the Treaty of Ghent England did not agree to relinquish her claim, it was perfectly well understood that she would not attempt to enforce it.

The true doctrine of citizenship Historicus thinks is laid down in the Code Napoleon, "that masterly system drawn from the fountains of the Roman law and accommodated with rare sagacity to the conditions of modern civilization." The French system allows any Frenchman to renounce his citizenship by acquiring naturalization in a foreign country, or by the acceptance of public service in a foreign state without authority from France. But a French subject can always regain his allegiance by returning with permission to France, and declaring his intention to remain and his wish to renounce his foreign citizenship. In the spirit of this system Historicus proposes that British citizenship should belong as of course only to persons born of British parents domiciled in the British dominions. Children born to foreigners in such dominions should have the right to choose their citizenship, and so with the children born to British parents domiciled abroad. Every British subject should be able by a formal act to renounce his allegiance; and, as in France, certain acts should constitute in themselves a forfeiture of citizenship.

Meanwhile the views of this great subject held by the United States and Great Britain are totally irreconcilable. The difference must inevitably lead sooner or later to the very gravest difficulty, unless Great Britain wholly renounces her theory in practice. And if she does, why should she delay harmonizing them? It is a subject in which no powers in the world are so much interested as the two which speak the same language, and which, under different systems, strive to extend the limits of individual liberty. The character and the civilization of both demand that so serious a question be settled without delay and without acrimony. The necessity of such a settlement is emphasized by the present disturbances in England, often arising from the conduct or connivance of those whom both Governments claim as citizens. As Historicus truly says, the more plainly Irish naturalized citizens of the United States are recognized by Great Britain the more distinct is the responsibility of the United States for them internationally, while as offenders against the British local law there is no question of their liability. Indeed nothing is gained by farther postponement of the question, and much is endangered, while every thoughtful citizen of the world must earnestly wish to deprive demagogues every where of the opportunity constantly offered them in the present condition of the subject of doing a great and fatal mischief.

ENGLISHMEN UPON IRELAND.

An article in an English magazine, supposed to be written by an American Fenian, has excited some attention as a candid statement of the Irish side of the Irish question. It asserts unqualifiedly that what the Fenians desire is Ireland for the Irish, and that they look upon all the promised reforms as bribes to seduce true patriots from a righteous purpose. The English, argues the writer, have no more right in Ireland than the Austrians had in Italy, or than Russia has in Poland; and if England sympathized with the Italians struggling to throw off the Austrian yoke, and with the Poles battling ineffectually with Russia, with infinitely more reason ought it to understand the suffering of Ireland caused by a similar foreign domination. The writer declares that the rescue of Kelly and the killing of Brett were merely acts of war; and if committed by ill-advised and desperate men they do not affect the credit of the cause. "No one," says the article, "pretends to think the worse of Poland because a crazy youth fired a pistol at the Russian Emperor in the Bois de Boulogne, and why should Fenianism be condemned because a man wearing a felt-hat shot a bandsman in London?"

There is no doubt that the public mind in England is seriously troubled by the Fenian operations. They show a deliberate purpose to inspire a general terror. The London *Times* denounces them as horrible and repugnant to every manly and generous soul. It speaks of the Irish, or of the Fenian Irish, as a race beyond hope of true civilization. A writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette* declares that it is impossible to content the Fenian Irish; that "you may satisfy material interests, you can never fulfill a romantic idea." He contends that there are two nations of Irish in Ireland, that England could not leave one to the mercy of the other, and that nothing remains but to redress every real grievance and remove every rational cause of irritation, put down sedition and rebellion with promptitude and severe determination, and trust to time. Mr. Goldwin Smith, who, as a sagacious political observer, and an especial student of Ireland, must always command serious attention, writes that, in his judgment, the peril of Fenianism is great. "We seem," he says, "to be on the brink of a sanguinary struggle with the Irish of the two hemispheres, and this at a moment when English society itself presents some very sinister appearances, and when organic change, involving a great transfer of power, is being carried on by such hands as never before, I believe, held the destinies of this nation."

Goldwin Smith does not think that it is possible to do what extreme Fenianism demands. The remedy of the difficulty, in his judgment, is such a policy of decentralization, short of actual dissolution of the union between England and Ireland, as will satisfy the national aspiration. He would have the court reside sufficiently at Dublin to make that city a real capital; then he would have a session of Parliament, say one in every three years, in Dublin; and finally a liberal system of local self-government, such as a council in each province, subject to the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament, which should be elective and legislate on all subjects not essential to the political and legal unity of the empire. Of course he would have the Irish church establishment abolished, and allow each provincial council to deal with its own portion of the endowments. This general policy, Mr. Smith thinks, ought to satisfy all but the violent enemies of the Union.

Mr. Gladstone says that in his opinion Ireland will for a long time be the most difficult and anxious problem of British statesmanship. He, too, refuses to confound Fenianism with the cause of Ireland, but insists that the recent crimes of Fenianism shall not warp justice. Mr. Gladstone himself is very just in his views of the subject, and very temperate and generous in his words. He declares that England ought to set herself right in the management of Ireland; that the representative system, the system of education, the land tenure, and the church establishment must all be radically reformed, and reformed now. He alludes to Scotland, and to the different situation of that country resulting from a different and a wiser policy; and although he does not enter into details, it is plain that his views are not seriously different from those of Goldwin Smith.

John Bright also, in a most forcible speech, declares that the Irish question has within it perils such as England has not known for a long time, and which he does not dare publicly to discuss. If there is yet to be what, he says, there never has been, a United Kingdom of

Great Britain and Ireland, it is to be founded upon great measures of statesmanship and justice, and it is because the British Government has not been a Government of statesmen that Irish affairs have become so difficult and dangerous.

It is evident that one of three courses must now be adopted by England: Either the present situation must be maintained, which no sensible man can desire; or the Union must be repealed, and Ireland suffered to become as independent a nation as France, which England will not permit; or there must be so generous and prompt and radical a redress of the undoubted grievances of the island that the real intelligence and character of the people will positively prefer the continuance of the Union, and so make it one of cordial assent. This is the policy advocated by the English Liberals, to whom the wisest Irish ought to look as their best friends. Meanwhile we shall not be surprised by the most radically Liberal proposition from Mr. Disraeli, for the last consideration which will govern him is that of Tory precedent. He will not hesitate to be more liberal than the Liberals in an Irish policy as he was in a Reform policy. It seems, indeed, as if England had begun to see that if she had been as wise in the management of Ireland as she was in that of Scotland, the Irish Union would now be as firm as the Scotch. It is never too late to do right, and the errors of the past are no justification of future errors.

WAGES.

On the principle that "misery loves company," it may console us to reflect that the condition of trade in England and the Continent is even less satisfactory than in the United States. It may afford some selfish satisfaction to know that the distress there is mainly due to commercial derangement here, so much are foreign nations dependent upon the course of the American market for a full measure of prosperity; and that an inconsiderable increase in our imports would at once set the machinery of the Old World in active motion again. We may congratulate ourselves that we have had few failures compared with other countries, and no panic, notwithstanding the universal depression. As Commissioner Wells affirms, our credit stands as high as that of any other nation.

But our immediate concern is, not so much how others may fare, as how to keep distress from our own doors—how to prevent further accretions to the grand army of the 500,000 unemployed whom the United States is at present compelled to subsist. Mechanics, laborers, operatives, and all who depend upon wages and salaries for a livelihood, should take a comprehensive common-sense view of the situation. For several years past they have enjoyed a compensation out of all proportion to the ordinary awards of labor, but they can not expect, under present circumstances, any longer to receive the extraordinary wages of the past. It is no time to "strike" when mills are running at a loss or barely paying expenses. A reduction of wages must be philosophically submitted to, or workmen will inevitably be thrown out of employment. This has happened in numerous instances already.

We instance the case of the Higgins carpet establishment in this city, which was closed recently, and several hundred operatives thrown out of employment because they would not concede the very small reduction of ten per cent. of their wages. We have in mind a certain large newspaper office in New York where the printers recently threw up their situations because the proprietors would not submit to their exactions. This was only a few weeks ago, and now the present employés of the same establishment threaten a "strike" unless higher wages are paid them, although the present wages are nearly double what they received before the war.

We were about to congratulate ourselves upon the absence hitherto of all labor demonstrations, when we were startled into a realizing sense of innate human folly by a procession of masons in Brooklyn, demanding a reduction of time and the addition of a dollar per day to their wages! Six dollars per day of eight hours' labor! Why, half the men in business would be glad to be assured as much profit as that. The distance between capital and labor is already so great that capital is obliged to be idle because it can not afford to employ labor. It is easy to see that such demands can not possibly be conceded in the present state of affairs. Business necessity is inexorable. The day of advancing wages is past, and the tendency must be downward for some time to come, unless business should suddenly revive.

We could enumerate many manufactories in this city which are now either running on short time or paying reduced wages. In the country at large they number a majority of the whole. It is more than probable that the pinch will be still tighter before spring. It is foreshadowed by the movements of mill-owners and capitalists, who are meeting in convention to devise plans for relief.

It is true that there are indications which encourage the hope of a general improvement; but so much depends upon Congressional legislation that the present aspect of the horizon seems darker from the very uncertainty that broods over it. In the present critical emergency, employés who still retain their places should feel thankful, while those who are threatened with reduced wages should bear ever in mind that "half a loaf is better than no bread." Indeed, we may regard ourselves fortunate if we are not brought to that pass, now witnessed in Paris, where hungry thousands are daily fed at charitable soup-houses.

EARLY FRUIT.

The fruit of the "Great Reaction" is rapidly ripening. The Ohio Democratic Convention nominated for the Presidency, with "the wildest enthusiasm," the Honorable George H. Pendleton, who voted against every war appropriation, and insisted that the erring brethren should depart in peace, and who—since his advice was not taken—now advocates a virtual repudiation of the national debt. In the same State, and by the same party, the claims of the Honorable Clement L. Vallandigham to a seat in the United States Senate are enthusiastically urged upon all friends of the "Great Reaction," his great claim upon the "Reaction" being that he was as good a secessionist as the Honorable Jefferson Davis.

The Indiana Democratic Convention also resolved "that language is not adequate to express our abhorrence and condemnation" of Radicalism; and the enthusiastic body instantly proceeded to "indorse" Mr. Pendleton for the Presidency; and listened to a speech of congratulation from that distinguished Knight of the Golden Circle, or the friend of that fraternity, Mr. Voorhees; and, after crying aloud for payment of a part of the national debt in paper, and protesting unconditionally against negro suffrage, and comparing General Hancock to General Washington, the enthusiastic body adjourned.

In West Virginia, also, the disciples of the "Great Reaction" held a Convention, and the reading of the resolutions from Ohio "indorsing Pendleton for the Presidency * * * created the wildest excitement. Business was suspended, the Convention becoming perfectly uncontrollable."

Besides all this luscious fruit from the teeming boughs of the "Great Reaction," there was the delightful 8th of January dinner in Washington, at which Mr. Jeremiah Black, who advised Mr. Buchanan that he had no authority to prevent secession, loudly praised General Jackson, who regretted that he had not hung Mr. Calhoun, the original secessionist; and other festive gentlemen magnified General Jackson who would certainly have felt the weight of the General's finger during the late unpleasantness; and that a crowning grace might not be wanting, ex-President Pierce, who wrote a letter to Jefferson Davis in the winter of 1861, assuring him that the war would be fought out at the North, wrote a letter congratulating the company upon the good time coming.

The resuscitation of every notorious Copperhead to control the Government against which they directed all their efforts and sympathies during the war, is the beautiful plum which the "Great Reaction" offers the country.

STOVES AND SEATS IN CARS.

Editor Harper's Weekly:

New York, *Jan.* 3, 1868

Your very sensible and suggestive article in the *Harper's Weekly* of the 11th instant headed "The Tragedy of Travel" suggests as a means of stopping the draught about feet and legs that double doors at each end of the cars would remedy the difficulty.

I am glad the suggestion has been made through your very interesting *Weekly;* but I think the following plan would be better than the double-door principle, viz.: Fit a board or bulk-head between the bottom of the seats and the floor of the car, that will effectually stop all currents and draughts, and rid the people of that painful annoyance.

Double doors would only partially remedy the difficulty, at the same time it would have the undesirable effect of stopping a portion of the very limited amount of fresh air that is now allowed to enter the cars.

Now as to the stove question in connection with railroading, I would suggest, as an immediate improvement that should be adopted till something better can be introduced, that stoves for passenger cars should be made out of light boiler-plate iron. They should be strongly riveted together, and the door should be so made and arranged that when closed it would be as strong as the body of the stove; and the passage to the smoke-pipe should not be the same large hole as now made, but the top of the stove where the pipe joins should consist of a series of small holes of the requisite size to give the required area for draught.

Now, Mr. Editor, I assert as an engineer that a stove so constructed will successfully resist all the jamming and crushing that can be administered by the severest accident that can happen on a railroad without rupturing or bursting open and scattering the fire broadcast among the kindling-wood of a demolished passenger coach and passengers. That being the case, it would be impossible to have a repetition of the recent Lake Shore tragedy.

If the Railroad Companies will not adopt a safety-stove as above described they should be compelled to fit a small steam-pump to the locomotive, with a sufficient length of hose to reach the rear coach of the longest train. Then, in case of fire, the water from the tender tank could be used to extinguish any fire that might take place. Still, I would advise the use of the stoves as above described, as it might happen that the tank might be empty, or nearly so, at the critical moment.

Naval Engineer.

A LITTLE TESTIMONY.

The breaking up by a mob of a loyal meeting in Texas, and the shooting of a Republican orator, makes the testimony of A. J. Hamilton, the first Provisional Governor, peculiarly significant and timely. In a late speech at Austin he said, and General Hancock will do well to forget the Presidency for a moment and ponder ex-Governor Hamilton's words:

> "Upon the surrender of the Confederate armies you all felt that you had lost the rights that you once enjoyed under the Constitution. When I entered the State as Provisional Governor in 1865, citizens flocked to meet me to talk with me about the condition of the country; and from my landing in Galveston until I reached this city I heard but one expression from the secessionists. They said frankly that they had tried to set up a government and had failed. They had done their best. They threw themselves upon the clemency of the conqueror. They would be content if their lives were spared, and what was left of their property not taken from them. They thought it right that the work of reconstruction should be committed to the friends of the United States Government. They were willing to remain in the back-ground. All who hear me know that I speak the truth. And you know, too, that it was but a little time until all this was changed. Just so soon as a difference between the President and the party that elected him to office began to develop itself you changed your tone. I am speaking now to secessionists. And when the policy of the President ripened into what you thought was a determination on his part to form a political alliance with you, you became arrogant and denunciatory toward Union men: so much so that you proclaimed openly, before I left the State in 1866, that services to the Confederacy constituted the best claim to official position."

SKATING—OVERDOING IT.

Such a deal has been said and written of late years about the necessity of bodily exercise, and so great heed given to the subject by certain people, who have more zeal than discretion, that they are obviously taking "too much of a good thing," which, according to the old proverb, "is worse than nothing."

It is quite a mistake to suppose that physical exercise can be indulged in without limit as to kind and degree. The muscles, it is true, may, under a proper system of training, be rendered capable of great force and endurance. Men have been known to strengthen and harden their arms and fists into sledge hammers, and using their abdomens for anvils to beat out iron horse-shoes with them. It is hardly necessary to insist that the human frame was never intended by nature for a locomotive smithy; for such a misconception of the purposes of the human body is not likely to become popular. But there is a good deal of similar error in regard to the proper use of the muscular system so general and dangerous as to demand an effort for its removal.

The muscles are so closely connected with the many delicate blood-vessels, nerves, and internal organs of the body that it is impossible to move the former without communicating their motion to the latter. When this is moderate the influence is favorable to the generation of nervous power, the circulation of the blood, the process of digestion, and all the other bodily functions. If excessive, however, it unduly stimulates the action of these, and produces congestion, inflammation, and rupture of the delicate structure of the internal organs and their vessels.

One of the most eminent of English surgeons has lately made an emphatic protest against the excessive physical effort engendered by the University boat-races. He declares it as his own experience and that of many others of his profession, that the young men engaged in these ardent struggles, where the competition stimulates the muscles to their highest pitch of strain, often become affected with diseases in consequence, such as aneurism and other fatal affections of the heart and blood-vessels.

It is to be feared that we may also in this country, with the usual tendency to excess, overdo this matter of boat-racing, which is becoming an established institution in our colleges. As an exercise nothing can be better than rowing, and an occasional competitive spirt for a short stretch might do no harm, but a long struggle, stimulated to excessive effort by anxious expectation and eager strife, can not be safe.

Our young girls too are overdoing it, we suspect, in their skating parties. We should be sorry to say any thing against an amusement productive of so much innocent pleasure, and an exercise so favorable to health when properly regulated. It is essential, however, that the temptation to excess should be carefully guarded against. The competition of a skating race often leads to a prolonged and excessive strain of the muscles, full of risk to the peculiar organization of woman, and we know of many fatal results in consequence.

It is seldom that our young girls are properly attired for the strong physical exercise of skating. Nothing can be more picturesque than the fur-trimmed jackets, the looped-up skirt, and the full revelation of brilliantly-colored petticoat. We have nothing to say against the taste of the costume, but we have a warning to utter in regard to its make. Don't let it be so tight about the waist, and don't wear that corset or bodice which binds the upper part of your frame into an immovable shell. If a woman will thus constrict herself, she had better take no exercise at all, for the least violent effort under such circumstances is dangerous. In skating there is necessarily a strong action of the muscles of the lower part of the body which will be concentrated there in undue intensity if the chest and waist, deadened by corset or bodice, is unable to share it. The whole movement and effort thus intensified and confined to the lower portion of the frame are sure to give rise to those diseases to which the peculiar organization of women render them particularly liable.

GOVERNOR FENTON'S MESSAGE.

Governor Fenton, in his Message to the Legislature, which assembled at Albany on January 7, strongly advocates the payment of New York's share of the public debt of the United States in coin. In speaking of the general finances of the country he states that there are 1600 National banks in existence, with a capital of $419,000,000, and holding deposits of $560,000,000. The debt of New York State on September 30, 1867, was $44,114,592, including all appropriations not yet drawn out of the Treasury. He speaks very sanguinely of business prospects, and the ability of the State to sustain the burdens resting upon it. He calls attention to the fact that in November, 1860, the New York city banks made loans to the amount of $122,000,000, while their loans in 1867 were $248,000,000, or double the business of 1860; and he adds, "Hardly less significant, if not in so great a ratio, is the advance in most all departments of business and enterprise, as will be found by reference to the tables of commerce and tonnage, railroad and insurance capital, mercantile, manufacturing, and mechanical employments, and the value of real and personal estate."

The debt due the State for war expenses is $650,286 only. The National Guard of the State numbers 45,000.

THE INDIAN TREATY.

The official report of the Indian Commission, which lately concluded the war with the Indians, which cost us while it continued a million of dollars a day, and in which we paid twenty-five lives for each Indian slain, attributes the late Indian war entirely to violations of treaties and the commission of hostilities on our part. It proposes to remedy past wrongs by setting apart two reservations for the Indians. The first reservation should be bounded north by Kansas, east by Arkansas and Missouri, south by Texas, and west by the 100th or 101st meridian. The other should be bounded north by the 46th parallel, east by the Mississippi River, south by Nebraska, and west by the 104th meridian. On these should be placed the various tribes of Colorado, Dakota, and New Mexico. The Kansas tribes, however, and the Winnebagoes, Omahas, Ottoes, Santee Sioux, and perhaps other tribes, the Commissioners think it may be advisable to let remain where they are, and finally become incorporated, the former with the citizens of Kansas and the latter with those of Nebraska. They also recommend that henceforth the stipulated annuities shall be paid to the Indians, not in money, but in agricultural implements, food, and clothing; that as, aside from nobler considerations, "it is cheaper to civilize than to kill," redoubled efforts should be made to promote civilization among the various tribes; that, in view of the conflict of authority and responsibility between the War Department and the Department of the Interior, the Indian Bureau be reorganized as a special, separate department; and that no Governor or Legislature of States or Territories be permitted to call out and equip troops for the purpose of carrying on war against the Indians.

SECRETARY STANTON'S RESTORATION.

The report of Senator Howard on the removal from office of Secretary Stanton, and its accompanying resolution restoring him to his place, was promptly acted upon by the Senate in Executive Session on January 13. The resolution restoring Mr. Stanton to his office as Secretary of War, or rather non-concurring in his removal by President Johnson, was adopted by a vote of 35 to 6. The President, General Grant, and Secretary Stanton were officially notified of the action of the Senate on the same day.

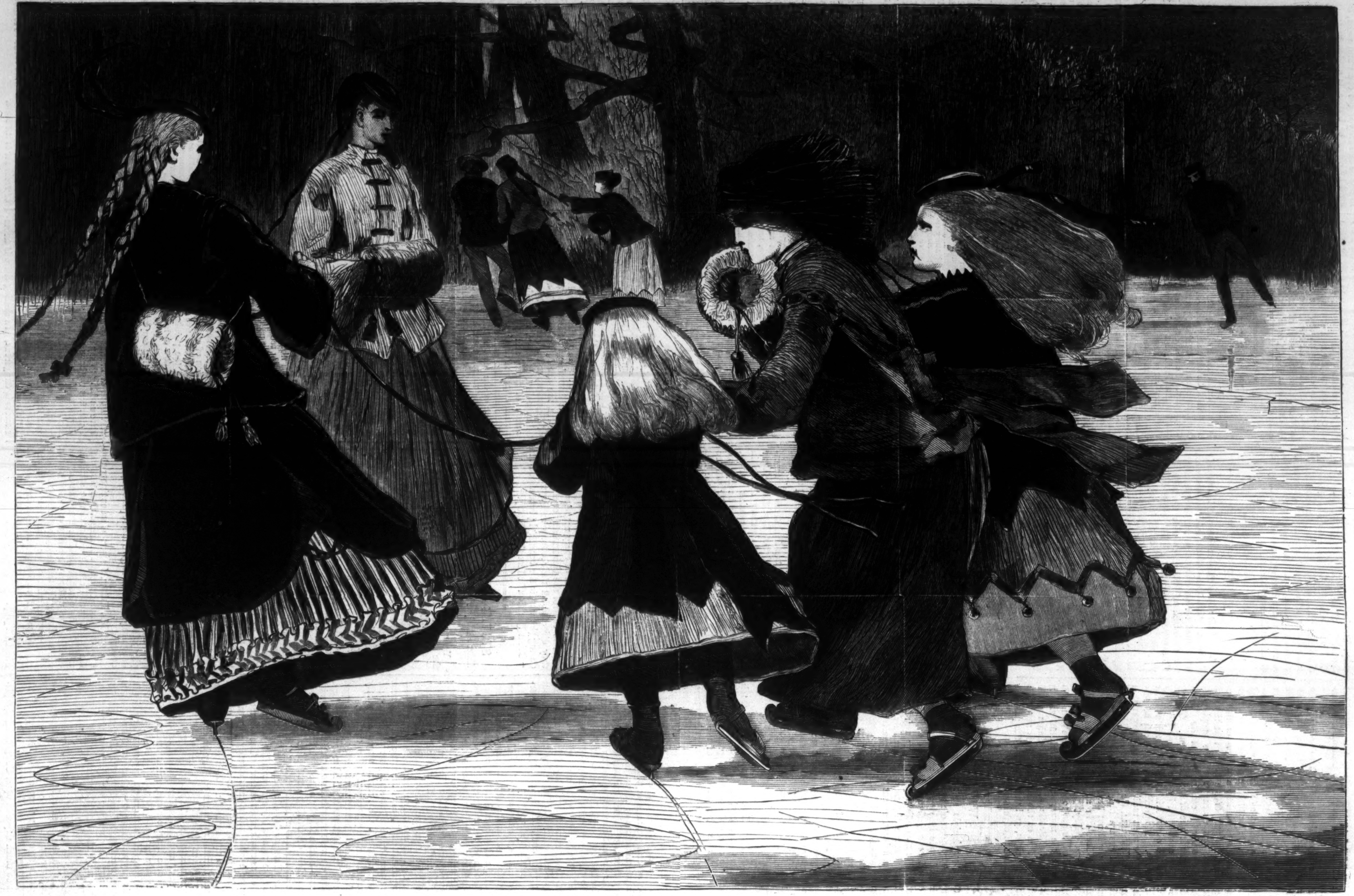
If General Grant should decline to give him possession, or, if after obtaining control of the office, he should be again suspended or removed by President Johnson, Mr. Stanton will be compelled to seek relief and his rights through a mandamus of the Supreme Court. Evidently thinking that the question would eventually come before the Supreme Court of the country the Judiciary Committee of the House on January 13 reported the bill previously adopted by the Senate declaring what shall constitute a quorum of the Supreme Court, but somewhat amended. The original bill declared that "Any number of the Justices of the Supreme Court, not less than five, being a majority thereof, shall constitute a quorum." The House amendment declares that "No case involving the action or effect of any law of the United States, now pending before the Supreme Court, shall be decided adversely to the validity of such law without the concurrence of two-thirds of all the members of the court." The bill thus amended passed the House by a vote of 116 yeas to 39 nays; and now goes back to the Senate for concurrence.

RECONSTRUCTION MEASURES.

The Reconstruction Committee of the House on January 13 reported a new Reconstruction Bill of a very important character, and having for its purpose the early reconstruction of the Southern States in spite of all obstacles on the part of the President and the late rebel citizens of the South. First of all it declares that no civil governments at present exist in the States of Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, Florida, and Arkansas. Secondly, the General commanding the army is authorized to enforce all the reconstruction laws of Congress, is empowered to remove from command all officers above the rank of colonel who may be in command at the South, as well as all civil officers now acting under the several provisional governments of the Southern States, and to appoint others to the same positions. Thirdly, the authority to detail military commanders to the Southern departments, conferred on the President by all former acts, is repealed; in short, this power reverts to General Grant. Fourthly, the President is forbidden to order any part of the army or navy of the United States to assist by force of arms the authority of either of the present provisional governments of the South in opposition to the authority of the United States.

This bill was read in the House on January 13 and recommitted to the Reconstruction Committee for further consideration.

General Meade, commanding the Department of Georgia and Alabama, on January 13 removed Charles T. Jenkins from the provisional Governorship of Georgia, and John Jones from the provisional Treasurership of Georgia, in consequence of their refusal to co-operate with the military commander of the Department. General Ruger was appointed Governor in Jenkins's place, and Captain Rockwell ordered to the duty of Treasurer of the State.



"WINTER"—A SKATING SCENE.—DRAWN BY WINSLOW HOMER.—[SEE PAGE 51.]

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

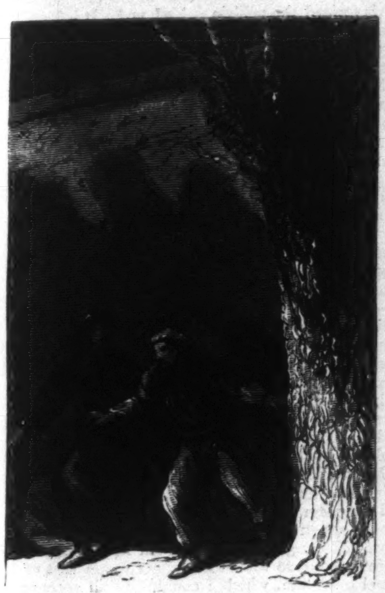
THE MOONSTONE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," etc.

Printed from the Author's Manuscript.

RICHLY ILLUSTRATED.



CHAPTER VIII.

HERE, for one moment, I find it necessary to call a halt.

On summoning up my own recollections—and on getting Penelope to help me, by consulting her journal—I find that we may pass pretty rapidly over the interval between Mr. Franklin Blake's arrival and Miss Rachel's birthday. For the greater part of that time the days passed, and brought nothing with them worth recording. With your good leave, then, and with Penelope's help, I shall notice certain dates only in this place, reserving to myself to tell the story day by day, once more, as soon as we get to the time when the business of the Moonstone became the chief business of every body in our house.

This said, we may now go on again—beginning, of course, with the bottle of sweet-smelling ink which I found on the gravel-walk at night.

On the next morning (the morning of the twenty-sixth) I showed Mr. Franklin this article of jugglery, and told him what I have already told you. His opinion was, not only that the Indians had been lurking about after the Diamond, but also that they were actually foolish enough to believe in their own magic—meaning thereby the making of signs on a boy's head, and the pouring of ink into a boy's hand, and then expecting him to see persons and things beyond the reach of human vision. In our country, as well as in the East, Mr. Franklin informed me, there are people who practice this curious hocus-pocus (without the ink, however); and who call it by a French name, signifying something like brightness of sight. "Depend upon it," says Mr. Franklin, "the Indians took it for granted that we should keep the Diamond here; and they brought their clairvoyant boy to show them the way to it, if they succeeded in getting into the house last night."

"Do you think they'll try again, Sir?" I asked.

"It depends," says Mr. Franklin, "on what the boy can really do. If he can see the Diamond through the iron safe of the bank at Frizinghall, we shall be troubled with no more visits from the Indians for the present. If he can't, we shall have another chance of catching them in the shrubbery before many more nights are over our heads."

I waited pretty confidently for that latter chance; but, strange to relate, it never came.

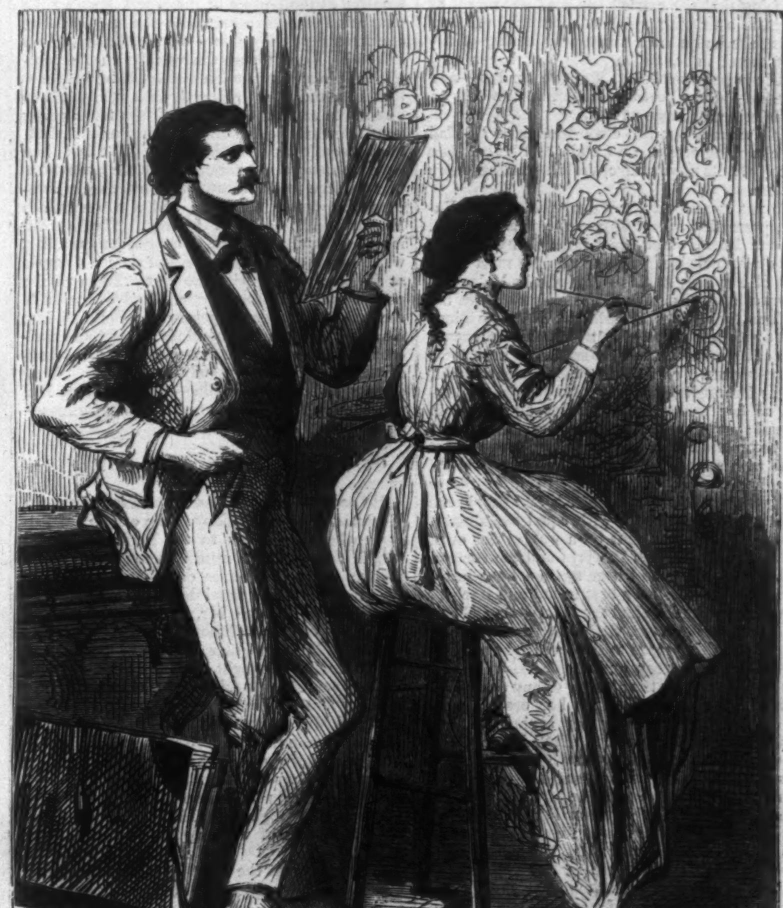
Whether the jugglers heard, in the town, of Mr. Franklin having been seen at the bank, and drew their conclusions accordingly; or whether the boy really did see the Diamond where the Diamond was now lodged (which I, for one, flatly disbelieve); or whether, after all, it was a mere effect of chance, this, at any rate, is the plain truth—not the ghost of an Indian came near the house again, through the weeks that passed before Miss Rachel's birthday. The jugglers remained in and about the town plying their trade; and Mr. Franklin and I remained waiting to see what might happen, and resolute not to put the rogues on their guard by showing our suspicions of them too soon. With this report of the proceedings on either side, ends all that I have to say about the Indians for the present.

On the twenty-ninth of the month, Miss Rachel and Mr. Franklin hit on a new method of working their way together through the time which might otherwise have hung heavy on their hands. There are reasons for taking particular notice here of the occupation that amused them. You will find it has a bearing on something that is still to come.

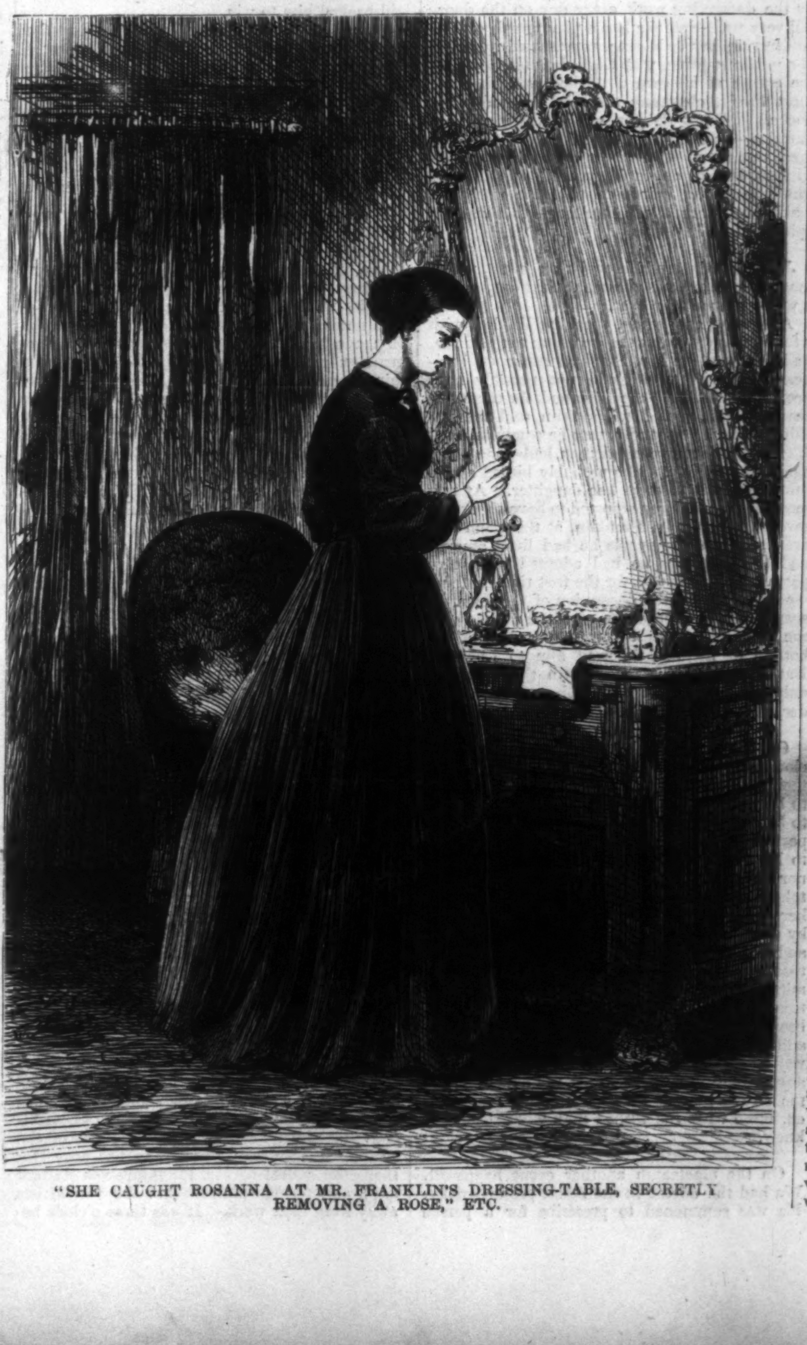
Gentlefolks in general have a very awkward rock ahead in life—the rock ahead of their own idleness. Their lives being, for the most part, passed in looking about them for something to do, it is curious to see—especially when their tastes are of what is called the intellectual sort—how often they drift blindfold into some nasty pursuit. Nine times out of ten they take to torturing something, or to spoiling something; and they firmly believe they are improving their minds, when the plain truth is, they are only making a mess in the house. I have seen them (ladies, I am sorry to say, as well as gentlemen) go out, day after day, for example, with empty pill-boxes, and catch newts, and beetles, and spiders, and frogs, and come home and stick pins through the miserable wretches, or cut them up, without a pang of remorse, into little pieces. You see my young master, or my young mistress, poring over one of their spiders' insides with a magnifying-glass; or you meet one of their frogs walking down stairs without his head; and when you wonder what this cruel nastiness means, you are told that it means a taste in my young master or my young mistress for natural history. Sometimes, again, you see them occupied for hours together in spoiling a pretty flower with pointed instruments, out of a stupid curiosity to know what the flower is made of. Is its color any prettier, or its scent any sweeter, when you *do* know? But there! the poor souls must get through the time, you see—they must get through the time. You dabbled in nasty mud, and made pies, when you were a child; and you dabble in nasty science, and dissect spiders, and spoil flowers, when you grow up. In the one case and in the other the secret of it is that you have got nothing to think of in your poor empty head, and nothing to do with your poor idle hands. And so it ends in your spoiling canvas with paints, and making a smell in the house; or in keeping tadpoles in a glass box full of dirty water, and turning every body's stomach in the house; or in chipping off bits of stone here, there, and every where, and dropping grit into all the victuals in the house; or in staining your fingers in the pursuit of photography, and doing justice without mercy on every body's face in the house. It often falls heavy enough, no doubt, on people who are really obliged to get their living, to be forced to work for the clothes that cover them, the roof that shelters them, and the food that keeps them going. But compare the hardest day's work you ever did with the idleness that splits flowers and pokes its way into spiders' stomachs, and thank your stars that your head has got something it *must* think of, and your hands something that they *must* do.

As for Mr. Franklin and Miss Rachel, they tortured nothing, I am glad to say. They simply confined themselves to making a mess; and all they spoilt, to do them justice, was the paneling of a door.

Mr. Franklin's universal genius, dabbling in every thing, dabbled in what he called "decorative painting." He had invented, he informed us, a new mixture to moisten paint with, which he described as a "vehicle." What it was made of I don't know. What it did I can tell you in two words—it stank. Miss Rachel being wild to try her hand at the new process, Mr. Franklin sent to London for the materials; mixed them up, with accompaniment of a smell which made the very dogs sneeze when they came into the room; put an apron and a bib over Miss Rachel's gown, and set her to work decorating her own little sitting-room—called, for want of English to name it in, her "boudoir." They began with the inside of the door. Mr. Franklin scraped off all the nice varnish with pumice-stone, and made what he described as a surface to work on. Miss Rachel then covered the surface, under his directions and with his help, with patterns and devices—griffins, birds, flowers, cupids, and such like—copied from designs made by a famous Italian painter, whose name escapes me—the one, I mean, who stocked the world with Virgin Marys and had a sweet-heart at the baker's. Viewed as work, this decoration was slow to do and dirty to deal with. But our young lady and gentleman never seemed to tire of it. When they were not riding, or seeing company, or taking their meals, or piping their songs, there they were with their heads together, as busy as bees, spoiling the door. Who was the poet who said that Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do? If he had occupied my place in the family, and had seen Miss Rachel with her brush, and Mr. Franklin with his vehicle, he could have written nothing truer of either of them than that.



"MISS RACHEL THEN COVERED THE SURFACE, UNDER HIS DIRECTIONS AND WITH HIS HELP, WITH PATTERNS AND DEVICES."



"SHE CAUGHT ROSANNA AT MR. FRANKLIN'S DRESSING-TABLE, SECRETLY REMOVING A ROSE," ETC.

The next date worthy of notice is Sunday, the fourth of June.

On that evening we, in the servants' hall, debated a domestic question for the first time, which, like the decoration of the door, has its bearing on something that is still to come.

Seeing the pleasure which Mr. Franklin and Miss Rachel took in each other's society, and noting what a pretty match they were in all personal respects, we naturally speculated on the chance of their putting their heads together with other objects in view besides the ornamenting of a door. Some of us said there would be a wedding in the house before the summer was over. Others (led by me) admitted it was likely enough Miss Rachel might be married; but we doubted (for reasons which will presently appear) whether her bridegroom would be Mr. Franklin Blake.

That Mr. Franklin was in love, on his side, nobody who saw and heard him could doubt. The difficulty was to fathom Miss Rachel. Let me do myself the honor of making you acquainted with her; after which I will leave you to fathom her yourself—if you can.

My young lady's eighteenth birthday was the birthday now coming, on the twenty-first of June. If you happen to like dark women (who, I am informed, have gone out of fashion latterly in the gay world), and if you have no particular prejudice in favor of size, I answer for Miss Rachel as one of the prettiest girls your eyes ever looked on. She was small and slim, but all in fine proportion from top to toe. To see her sit down, to see her get up, and specially to see her walk, was enough to satisfy any man in his senses that the graces of her figure (if you will pardon me the expression) were in her flesh, and not in her clothes. Her hair was the blackest I ever saw. Her eyes matched her hair. Her nose was not quite large enough, I admit. Her mouth and chin were (to quote Mr. Franklin) morsels for the gods; and her complexion (on the same undeniable authority) was as warm as the sun itself, with this great advantage over the sun, that it was always in nice order to look at. Add to the foregoing that she carried her head as upright as a dart, in a dashing, spirited, thorough-bred way—that she had a clear voice, with a ring of the right metal in it, and a smile that began very prettily in her eyes before it got to her lips—and there behold the portrait of her, to the best of my painting, as large as life!

And what about her disposition next? Had this charming creature no faults? She had just as many faults as you have, ma'am—neither more nor less.

To put it seriously, my dear pretty Miss Rachel, possessing a host of graces and attractions, had one defect, which strict impartiality compels me to acknowledge. She was unlike most other girls of her age, in this—that she had ideas of her own, and was stiff-necked enough to set the fashions themselves at defiance, if the fashions didn't suit her views. In trifles, this independence of hers was all well enough; but in matters of importance it carried her (as my lady thought, and as I thought) too far. She judged for herself, as few women of twice her age judge in general; never asked your advice; never told you beforehand what she was going to do; never came with secrets and confidences to any body, from her mother downward. In little things and great, with people she loved, and people she hated (and she did both with equal heartiness), Miss Rachel always went on a way of her own, sufficient for herself in the joys and the sorrows of her life. Over and over again I have heard my lady say, "Rachel's best friend and Rachel's worst enemy are, one and the other—Rachel herself."

Add one thing more to this, and I have done.

With all her secrecy, and all her self-will, there was not so much as the shadow of any thing false in her. I never remember her breaking her word; I never remember her saying No, and meaning Yes. I can call to mind, in her childhood, more than one occasion when the good little soul took the blame, and suffered the punishment, for some fault committed by a play-fellow whom she loved. Nobody ever knew her to confess to it when the thing was found out, and she was charged with it afterward. But nobody ever knew her to lie about it, either. She looked you straight in the face and shook her little saucy head, and said plainly, "I won't tell you!" Punished again for this, she would own to being sorry for saying "won't;" but, bread and water notwithstanding, she never told you. Self-willed—devilish self-willed sometimes—I grant; but the finest creature, nevertheless, that ever walked the ways of this lower world. Perhaps you think you see a certain contradiction here? In that case, a word in your ear. Study your wife closely for the next four-and-twenty hours. If your good lady doesn't exhibit something in the shape of a contradiction in that time, Heaven help you!—you have married a monster.

I have now brought you acquainted with Miss Rachel, which you will find puts us face to face, next, with the question of that young lady's matrimonial views.

On June the twelfth, an invitation from my mistress was sent to a gentleman in London, to come and help to keep Miss Rachel's birthday. This was the fortunate individual on whom I believed her heart to be privately set! Like Mr. Franklin, he was a cousin of hers. His name was Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite.

My lady's second sister (don't be alarmed; we are not going very deep into family matters this time)—my lady's second sister, I say, had a disappointment in love; and taking a husband afterward, on the neck or nothing principle, made what they call a misalliance. There was terrible work in the family when the honorable Caroline insisted on marrying plain Mr. Ablewhite, the banker at Frizinghall. He was very rich and very good-tempered, and he begot a prodigious large family—all in his favor, so far. But he had presumed to raise himself from a low station in the world—and that was against him. However, Time and the progress of modern enlightenment put things right; and the misalliance passed muster very well. We are all getting liberal now; and (provided you can scratch me, if I scratch you) what do I care, in or out of Parliament, whether you are a Dustman or a Duke? That's the modern way of looking at it—and I keep up with the modern way. The Ablewhites lived in a fine house and grounds, a little out of Frizinghall. Very worthy people, and greatly respected in the neighborhood. We shall not be much troubled with them in these pages—excepting Mr. Godfrey, who was Mr. Ablewhite's second son, and who must take his proper place here, if you please, for Miss Rachel's sake.

With all his brightness and cleverness and general good qualities, Mr. Franklin's chance of topping Mr. Godfrey in our young lady's estimation was, in my opinion, a very poor chance indeed.

In the first place, Mr. Godfrey was, in point of size, the finest man by far of the two. He stood over six feet high; he had a beautiful red and white color; a smooth round face, shaved as bare as your hand; and a head of lovely long flaxen hair, falling negligently over the poll of his neck. But why do I try to give you this personal description of him? If you ever subscribed to a Ladies' Charity in London, you know Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite as well as I do. He was a barrister by profession; a ladies' man by temperament; and a good Samaritan by choice. Female benevolence and female destitution could do nothing without him. Maternal societies for confining poor women; Magdalen societies for rescuing poor women; strong-minded societies for putting poor women into poor men's places, and leaving the men to shift for themselves—he was vice-president, manager, referee to them all. Wherever there was a table with a committee of ladies sitting round it in council, there was Mr. Godfrey at the bottom of the board, keeping the temper of the committee, and leading the dear creatures along the thorny ways of business, hat in hand. I do suppose this was the most accomplished philanthropist (on a small independence) that England ever produced. As a speaker at charitable meetings the like of him for drawing your tears and your money was not easy to find. He was quite a public character. The last time I was in London my mistress gave me two treats. She sent me to the theatre to see a dancing woman who was all the rage; and she sent me to Exeter Hall to hear Mr. Godfrey. The lady did it with a band of music. The gentleman did it with a handkerchief and a glass of water. Crowds at the performance with the legs. Ditto at the performance with the tongue. And with all this the sweetest-tempered person (I allude to Mr. Godfrey)—the simplest and pleasantest and easiest to please—you ever met with. He loved every body. And every body loved *him*. What chance had Mr. Franklin—what chance had any body of average reputation and capacities—against such a man as this?

On the fourteenth came Mr. Godfrey's answer.

He accepted my mistress's invitation, from the Wednesday of the birthday to the evening of Friday—when his duties to the Ladies' Charities would oblige him to return to town. He also inclosed a copy of verses on what he elegantly called his cousin's "natal day." Miss Rachel, I was informed, joined Mr. Franklin in making fun of the verses at dinner; and Penelope, who was all on Mr. Franklin's side, asked me, in great triumph, what I thought of that. "Miss Rachel has led *you* off on a false scent, my dear," I replied; "but *my* nose is not so easily mystified. Wait till Mr. Ablewhite's verses are followed by Mr. Ablewhite himself."

My daughter replied, that Mr. Franklin might strike in and try his luck, before the verses were followed by the poet. In favor of this view, I must acknowledge that Mr. Franklin left no chance untried of winning Miss Rachel's good graces.

Though one of the most inveterate smokers I ever met with, he gave up his cigar because she said, one day, she hated the stale smell of it in his clothes. He slept so badly, after this effort of self-denial, for want of the composing effect of the tobacco to which he was used, and came down morning after morning looking so haggard and worn, that Miss Rachel herself begged him to take to his cigars again. No! he would take to nothing again that would cause her a moment's annoyance; he would fight it out resolutely, and get back his sleep, sooner or later, by main force of patience in waiting for it. Such devotion as this, you may say (as some of them said down stairs), could never fail of producing the right effect on Miss Rachel—backed up, too, as it was, by the decorating work every day on the door. All very well—but she had a photograph of Mr. Godfrey in her bedroom; represented speaking at a public meeting, with all his hair blown out by the breath of his own eloquence, and his eyes, most lovely, charming the money out of your pockets! What do you say to that? Every morning—as Penelope herself owned to me—there was the man whom the women couldn't do without, looking on, in effigy, while Miss Rachel was having her hair combed. He would be looking on, in reality, before long—that was my opinion of it.

June the sixteenth brought an event which made Mr. Franklin's chance look, to my mind, a worse chance than ever.

A strange gentleman, speaking English with a foreign accent, came that morning to the house, and asked to see Mr. Franklin Blake on business. The business could not possibly have been connected with the Diamond, for these two reasons—first, that Mr. Franklin told me nothing about it; secondly, that he communicated it (after the strange gentleman had gone away again) to my lady. She probably hinted something about it next to her daughter. At any rate, Miss Rachel was reported to have said some severe things to Mr. Franklin, at the piano that evening, about the people he had lived among, and the principles he had adopted in foreign parts. The next day, for the first time, nothing was done toward the decoration of the door. I suspect some imprudence of Mr. Franklin's on the Continent—with a woman or a debt at the bottom of it—had followed him to England. But that is all guess-work. In this case, not only Mr. Franklin, but my lady too, for a wonder, left me in the dark.

On the seventeenth, to all appearance, the cloud passed away again. They returned to their decorating work on the door, and seemed to be as good friends as ever. If Penelope was to be believed, Mr. Franklin had seized the opportunity of the reconciliation to make an offer to Miss Rachel, and had neither been accepted nor refused. My girl was sure (from signs and tokens which I need not trouble you with) that her young mistress had fought Mr. Franklin off by declining to believe that he was in earnest, and had then secretly regretted treating him in that way afterward. Though Penelope was admitted to more familiarity with her young mistress than maids generally are—for the two had been almost brought up together as children—still I knew Miss Rachel's reserved character too well to believe that she would show her mind to any body in this way. What my daughter told me on the present occasion, was, as I suspected, more what she wished than what she really knew.

On the nineteenth another event happened. We had the doctor in the house professionally. He was summoned to prescribe for a person whom I have had occasion to present to you in these pages—our second house-maid, Rosanna Spearman.

This poor girl—who had puzzled me, as you know already, at the Shivering Sand—puzzled me more than once again in the interval time of which I am now writing. Penelope's notion that her fellow-servant was in love with Mr. Franklin (which my daughter, by my orders, kept strictly secret) seemed to me just as absurd as ever. But I must own that what I myself saw, and what my daughter saw also, of our second house-maid's conduct began to look mysterious, to say the least of it.

For example, the girl constantly put herself in Mr. Franklin's way—very slyly and quietly, but she did it. He took about as much notice of her as he took of the cat: it never seemed to occur to him to waste a look on Rosanna's plain face. The poor thing's appetite, never much, fell away dreadfully; and her eyes in the morning showed plain signs of waking and crying at night. One day Penelope made an awkward discovery, which we hushed up on the spot. She caught Rosanna at Mr. Franklin's dressing-table, secretly removing a rose which Miss Rachel had given him to wear in his button-hole, and putting another rose like it, of her own picking, in its place. She was, after that, once or twice impudent to me, when I gave her a well-meant general hint to be careful in her conduct; and, worse still, she was not over-respectful now on the few occasions when Miss Rachel accidentally spoke to her.

My lady noticed the change, and asked me what I thought about it. I tried to screen the girl by answering that I thought she was out of health; and it ended in the doctor being sent for, as already mentioned, on the nineteenth. He said it was her nerves, and doubted if she was fit for service. My lady offered to remove her for change of air to one of our farms inland. She begged and prayed, with the tears in her eyes, to be let to stop; and in an evil hour I advised my lady to try her for a little longer. As the event proved, and as you will soon see, this was the worst advice I could have given. If I could only have looked a little way into the future, I would have taken Rosanna Spearman out of the house, then and there, with my own hand.

On the twentieth, there came a note from Mr. Godfrey. He had arranged to stop at Frizinghall that night, having occasion to consult his father on business. On the afternoon of the next day he and his two eldest sisters would ride over to us on horseback, in good time before dinner. An elegant little casket in china accompanied the note, presented to Miss Rachel, with her cousin's love and best wishes. Mr. Franklin had only given her a plain locket not worth half the money. My daughter Penelope, nevertheless—such is the obstinacy of women—still backed him to win.

Thanks be to Heaven, we have arrived at the eve of the birthday at last! You will own, I think, that I have got you over the ground, this time, without much loitering by the way. Cheer up! I'll ease you with another new chapter here—and, what is more, that chapter shall take you straight into the thick of the story.

CHAPTER IX.

June twenty-first, the day of the birthday, was cloudy and unsettled at sunrise, but toward noon it cleared up bravely.

We, in the servants' hall, began this happy anniversary, as usual, by offering our little presents to Miss Rachel, with the regular speech delivered annually by me as the chief. I follow the plan adopted by the Queen in opening Parliament—namely, the plan of saying much the same thing regularly every year. Before it is delivered, my speech (like the Queen's) is looked for as eagerly as if nothing of the kind had ever been heard before. When it is delivered, and turns out not to be the novelty anticipated, though they grumble a little, they look forward hopefully to something newer next year. An easy people to govern, in the Parliament and in the Kitchen—that's the moral of it.

After breakfast, Mr. Franklin and I had a private conference on the subject of the Moonstone—the time having now come for removing it from the bank at Frizinghall, and placing it in Miss Rachel's own hands.

Whether he had been trying to make love to his cousin again, and had got a rebuff—or whether his broken rest, night after night, was aggravating the queer contradictions and uncertainties in his character—I don't know. But certain it is, that Mr. Franklin failed to show himself at his best on the morning of the birthday. He was in twenty different minds about the Diamond in as many minutes. For my part, I stuck fast by the plain facts as we knew them. Nothing had happened to justify us in alarming my lady on the subject of the jewel; and nothing could alter the legal obligation that now lay on Mr. Franklin to put it in his cousin's possession. That was my view of the matter; and, twist and turn it as he might, he was forced in the end to make it his view too. We arranged that he was to ride over, after lunch, to Frizinghall, and bring the Diamond back, with Mr. Godfrey and the two young ladies, in all probability, to keep him company on the way home again.

This settled, our young gentleman went back to Miss Rachel.

They consumed the whole morning, and part of the afternoon, in the everlasting business of decorating the door, Penelope standing by to mix the colors, as directed; and my lady, as luncheon-time drew near, going in and out of the room, with her handkerchief to her nose (for they used a deal of Mr. Franklin's vehicle that day), and trying vainly to get the two artists away from their work. It was three o'clock before they took off their aprons, and released Penelope (much the worse for the vehicle), and cleaned themselves of their mess. But they had done what they wanted—they had finished the door on the birthday, and proud enough they were of it. The griffins, cupids, and so on, were, I must own, most beautiful to behold; though so many in number, so entangled in flowers and devices, and so topsy-turvy in their actions and attitudes, that you felt them unpleasantly in your head for hours after you had done with the pleasure of looking at them. If I add that Penelope ended her part of the morning's work by being sick in the back kitchen, it is in no unfriendly spirit toward the vehicle. No! no! It left off stinking when it dried; and if Art requires these sort of sacrifices—though the girl is my own daughter—I say, let Art have them!

Mr. Franklin snatched a morsel from the luncheon-table, and rode off to Frizinghall—to escort his cousins, as he told my lady. To fetch the Moonstone, as was privately known to himself and to me.

This being one of the high festivals on which I took my place at the side-board, in command of the attendance at table, I had plenty to occupy my mind while Mr. Franklin was away. Having seen to the wine, and reviewed my men and women who were to wait at dinner, I retired to collect myself before the company came. A whiff of—you know what, and a turn at a certain book which I have had occasion to mention in these pages, composed me, body and mind. I was aroused from what I am inclined to think must have been, not a nap, but a reverie, by the clatter of horses' hoofs outside; and, going to the door, received a cavalcade comprising Mr. Franklin and his three cousins, escorted by one of old Mr. Ablewhite's grooms.

Mr. Godfrey struck me, strangely enough, as being like Mr. Franklin in this respect—that he did not seem to be in his customary spirits. He kindly shook hands with me as usual, and was most politely glad to see his old friend Betteredge wearing so well. But there was a sort of cloud over him, which I couldn't at all account for; and when I asked how he had found his father in health, he answered rather shortly, "Much as usual." However, the two Miss Ablewhites were cheerful enough for twenty, which more than restored the balance. They were nearly as big as their brother; spanking, yellow-haired, rosy lasses, overflowing with superabundant flesh and blood; bursting from head to foot with health and spirits. The legs of the poor horses trembled with carrying them; and when they jumped from their saddles (without waiting to be helped), I declare they bounced on the ground as if they were made of India rubber. Every thing the Miss Ablewhites said began with a large O; every thing they did was done with a bang; and they giggled and screamed, in season and out of season, on the smallest provocation. Bouncers—that's what I call them.

Under cover of the noise made by the young ladies, I had an opportunity of saying a private word to Mr. Franklin in the hall.

"Have you got the Diamond safe, Sir?"

He nodded, and tapped the breast-pocket of his coat.

"Have you seen any thing of the Indians?"

"Not a glimpse." With that answer, he asked for my lady, and, hearing she was in the small drawing-room, went there straight. The bell rang, before he had been a minute in the room, and Penelope was sent to tell Miss Rachel that Mr. Franklin Blake wanted to speak to her.

Crossing the hall about half an hour afterward I was brought to a sudden stand-still by an outbreak of screams from the small drawing-room. I can't say I was at all alarmed; for I recognized in the screams the favorite large O of the Miss Ablewhites. However, I went in (on pretense of asking for instructions about the dinner) to discover whether any thing serious had really happened.

There stood Miss Rachel at the table, like a person fascinated, with the Colonel's unlucky Diamond in her hand. There, on either side of her, knelt the two Bouncers, devouring the jewel with their eyes, and screaming with ecstasy every time it flashed on them in a new light. There, at the opposite side of the table, stood Mr. Godfrey, clapping his hands like a large child, and singing out softly, "Exquisite! exquisite!" There sat Mr. Franklin, in a chair by the book-case, tugging at his beard, and looking anxiously toward the window. And there, at the window, stood the object he was contemplating—my lady, having the extract from the Colonel's Will in her hand, and keeping her back turned on the whole of the company.

She faced me when I asked for my instructions, and I saw the family frown gathering over her eyes, and the family temper twitching at the corners of her mouth.

"Come to my room in half an hour," she answered. "I shall have something to say to you then."

With those words she went out. It was plain enough that she was posed by the same difficulty which had posed Mr. Franklin and me in our conference at the Shivering Sand. Was the legacy of the Moonstone a proof that she had treated her brother with cruel injustice? or was it a proof that he was worse than the worst she had ever thought of him? Serious questions those for my lady to determine; while her daughter, innocent of all knowledge of the Colonel's character, stood there with the Colonel's birthday gift in her hand.

Before I could leave the room, in my turn, Miss Rachel, always considerate to the old servant who had been in the house when she was born, stopped me. "Look, Gabriel!" she said, and flashed the jewel before my eyes in a ray of sunlight that poured through the window.

Lord bless us! it *was* a Diamond! As large, or nearly, as a plover's egg! The light that streamed from it was like the light of the harvest moon. When you looked down into the stone, you looked into a yellow deep that drew your eyes into it so that they saw nothing else. It seemed unfathomable; this jewel, that you could hold between your finger and thumb, seemed unfathomable as the heavens themselves. We set it in the sun, and then shut the light out of the room, and it shone awfully out of the depths of its own brightness, with a moony gleam, in the dark. No wonder Miss Rachel was fascinated; no wonder her cousins screamed. The Diamond laid such a hold on *me* that I burst out with as large an "O!" as the Bouncers themselves. The only one of us who kept his senses was Mr. Godfrey. He put an arm round each of his sisters' waists, and, looking compassionately backward and forward between the Diamond and me, said, "Carbon, Betteredge! mere carbon, my good friend, after all!"

His object, I suppose, was to instruct me. All he did, however, was to remind me of the dinner. I hobbled off to my army of waiters down stairs. As I went out Mr. Godfrey said, "Dear old Betteredge, I have the truest regard for him!" He was embracing his sisters and ogling Miss Rachel while he honored me with that testimony of affection. Something like a stock of love to draw on *there!* Mr. Franklin was a perfect savage by comparison with him.

At the end of half an hour I presented myself, as directed, in my lady's room.

What passed between my mistress and me on this occasion was, in the main, a repetition of what had passed between Mr. Franklin and me at the Shivering Sand—with this difference, that I took care to keep my own counsel about the jugglers, seeing that nothing had happened to justify me in alarming my lady on this head. When I received my dismissal I could see that she took the blackest view possible of the Colonel's motives, and that she was bent on getting the Moonstone out of her daughter's possession at the first opportunity.

On my way back to my own part of the house I was encountered by Mr. Franklin. He wanted to know if I had seen any thing of his cousin Rachel. I had seen nothing of her. Could I tell him where his cousin Godfrey was? I didn't know, but I began to suspect that Cousin Godfrey might not be far away from Cousin Rachel. Mr. Franklin's suspicions apparently took the same turn. He tugged hard at his beard, and went and shut himself up in the library with a bang of the door that had a world of meaning in it.

I was interrupted no more in the business of preparing for the birthday dinner till it was time for me to smarten myself up for receiving the company. Just as I had got my white waistcoat on, Penelope presented herself at my toilet, on pretense of brushing what little hair I have got left, and improving the tie of my white cravat. My girl was in high spirits, and I saw she had something to say to me. She gave me a kiss on the top of my bald head, and whispered, "News for you, father! Miss Rachel has refused him."

"Who's '*him?*'" I asked.

"The ladies' committee-man, father," says Penelope. "A nasty, sly fellow. I hate him for trying to supplant Mr. Franklin!"

If I had had breath enough I should certainly have protested against this indecent way of speaking of an eminent philanthropic character. But my daughter happened to be improving the tie of my cravat at that moment, and the whole strength of her feelings found its way into her fingers. I never was more nearly strangled in my life.

"I saw him take her away alone into the rose-garden," says Penelope. "And I waited behind the holly to see how they came back. They had gone out arm in arm, both laughing. They came back, walking separate, as grave as grave could be, and looking straight away from each other in a manner which there was no mistaking. I never was more delighted, father, in my life! There's one woman in the world who can resist Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite, at any rate; and, if I was a lady, I should be another!"

Here I should have protested again. But my daughter had got the hair-brush by this time, and the whole strength of her feelings had passed into *that*. If you are bald, you will understand how she scarified me. If you are not, skip this bit, and thank God you have got something in the way of a defense between your hair-brush and your head.

"Just on the other side of the holly," Penelope went on, "Mr. Godfrey came to a standstill. 'You prefer,' says he, 'that I should stop here as if nothing had happened?' Miss Rachel turned on him like lightning. 'You have accepted my mother's invitation,' she said; 'and you are here to meet her guests. Unless you wish to make a scandal in the house, you will remain, of course!' She went on a few steps, and then seemed to relent a little. 'Let us forget what has passed, Godfrey,' she said, 'and let us remain cousins still.' She gave him her hand. He kissed it, which *I* should have considered taking a liberty, and then she left him. He waited a little by himself, with his head down, and his heel grinding a hole slowly in the gravel-walk; you never saw a man look more put out in your life. 'Awkward!' he said between his teeth, when he looked up, and went on to the house—'very awkward!' If that was his opinion of himself, he was quite right. Awkward enough, I'm sure. And the end of it is, father, what I told you all along," cries Penelope, finishing me off with a last scarification, the hottest of all. "Mr. Franklin's the man!"

I got possession of the hair-brush, and opened my lips to administer the reproof which, you will own, my daughter's language and conduct richly deserved.

Before I could say a word the crash of carriage-wheels outside struck in, and stopped me. The first of the dinner-company had come. Penelope instantly ran off. I put on my coat, and looked in the glass. My head was as red as a lobster; but, in other respects, I was as nicely dressed for the ceremonies of the evening as a man need be. I got into the hall just in time to announce the two first of the guests. You needn't feel particularly interested about them. Only the philanthropist's father and mother—Mr. and Mrs. Ablewhite.

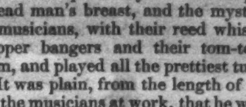
THE DEVIL-TREE.

A DEVIL-TREE, as might be expected, is of different aspect from any other tree that grows. It is usually a tree of gigantic growth, and sound and green as any of its forest brethren. It is its fruit that makes it so singular a spectacle. As every body is aware, the vegetable productions of the dominion of the King of Muscat are marvelous to behold. Little bushes are bowed to the ground with scarlet, orange-shaped fruit as large as cocoa-nuts; and trees bigger than English beeches present the appearance of a giant bouquet, being literally covered with tiny, waxen-white flowers, delicate as the jonquil and fragrant as the rose. Grape-like bunches of delicious-looking fruit festoon the highway hedges in far greater abundance than blackberries on English bushes, and hang and rot; for so deadly poisonous are they that a bullet through the head would not be more fatal than one of these grapes in the mouth.

But the most curious tree of all is the one that from its bole to its topmost branch is festooned with rags and scraps and flinders of every possible description. Little parcels of dried grass, screws of matting pinned through with a thorn, scraps of cask-hooping, broken bottles, splinters of wood, old pots and pans, wisps of straw, fag-ends of rope, and a hundred other things besides.

This is the "devil-tree." Every district of Zanzibar possesses one; indeed, its existence is as essential to the lives of the inhabitants—that is, the native inhabitants—as their daily bread. There is no such thing as doing without the devil-tree; and yet the jet-black, woolly-headed believers in it pass by it with fear and trembling, and can scarcely look on it without a shudder. And no wonder; it is a hive of imps. Of the thousand devils that afflict the good people of Zanzibar, there is not one but has its representative housed in this tree. Imps of plague live there, imps of famine, small-pox imps, yellow-fever imps, and imps that afflict men with raving madness. These are there, and many more, all alive, and ready to hop down and begin their old tricks anew, if ever they should grow dissatisfied with their lot. That innocent-looking stone bottle, handleless, spoutless, and with a great rent in its side, is the house of an imp, whose diabolical mission it is to break men's limbs. That bit of crooked iron hoop, gibbeted to yon big bough, looks perfectly harmless, but invisibly astride it, or on it, or somewhere about it, is an imp of the blackest dye, no less, indeed, than a murder imp. His history is soon stated. He took possession of a man and caused him to break his wife's head with a club, and to strangle his two little children and throw them into the river. True, they hanged the man for it, but they could not kill the wicked imp that still lurked within his inanimate body; so his friends coaxed the dead man of the hangman, and conjured the dreadful little demon into that bit of iron hoop, and hung him up in the devil-tree. The bit of iron hoop was not so withered-looking at the time the man was hanged as it is now. It was quite a new bit of hoop, and the imp must have procured it for the prisoner out of the king's store. At all events, they had caught the wretch with it on the morning of his execution, and he had ground it as sharp as a razor against a stone, for the purpose of taking his own life, it was thought, but his courage failed him. When his friends fetched the body home they were a little perplexed as to which the imp would choose as his future abode—the club with which he had killed his wife or the bit of iron hoop. They laid both implements on the dead man's breast, and the mystery-man and the musicians, with their reed whistles and their copper bangers and their tom-toms, sat round him, and played all the prettiest tunes they knew. It was plain, from the length of time the imp kept the musicians at work, that he was undecided as to whether the club or the bit of iron hoop should be his future abode; but presently the mystery-doctor observed the bit of iron hoop quiver, and of course that settled the question. So every rag, tag, and flinder attached to the devil-tree has its story. Some are so very old that the particular atrocity for which the imp dwelling therein was captured and condemned to the evil tree is forgotten; but the tree is of gigantic size, and the imps' houses may be counted by hundreds.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.



GOOD BACKERS.

A correspondent writes to know whether rabbits, foxes, and moles may not be said to inhabit the "*Hole-world!*"

THE HUMAN TRINKET—"And clasped him to her bosom"—see any novel. Is it not rather derogatory to man to be treated as an article of jewelry?

A BRAND(Y)ED RACE—Drunkards.

WHO NOSE?—We hear a good deal about the fruits of intemperance: do they succeed the "blossoms" on the nose which intemperance produces?

"MEN WHO HAVE RISEN"—Aeronauts.

ART CRITICISM.

Among some attractive pictures now on exhibition are:

"A Study from still Life"—The seizure of a whisky manufactory.

"The Happy Planter"—A man burying his mother-in-law.

"Resignation"—Brigadier-Generals handing in their commissions.

"The Last Rose of Summer"—A Senator stumped.

"How happy I could be with Ether"—Scene in a dentist's rooms.

"True to the Core"—Eve eating the apple.

"Enjoying the first Weed"—A widow in her new black.

"Aiming at the End"—A parent chastising a child.

"Patience on a Monument"—Bilious-looking persons sitting on the High Rock Spring at Saratoga.

A young man, who is desperately in love, says that he has been electrified with a *gal*-vanic battery.

A THOUGHT BY A TEETOTALER.

At dinner many do entreat
A blessing, ere they carve their meat;
But few, if any, ever think
To ask a blessing on their drink.

The question whether hanging should be abolished was recently discussed by a debating society. Sam Wood was adverse to the suspensory process, as may be gathered from his peroration; "Mr. President, talk of hanging for stealing! Why, Sir, where would *I* have been, where would *you* have been, where would we *all* have been, if hanging were the penalty for that offense?" Let the plagiarists answer.

ALL IN THE TRADE.—Our Tobacconist, who has lately retired to a little villa in the outskirts, speaks of it as his Snuff-Box.

APOTHECARIES' TOAST AND SENTIMENT—May we never want a patient, nor a bottle to give him!

A FOGY ON THE FREEZING POINT.

'Tis bitter cold, and lo, the mercury
In Fahrenheit's thermometer has gone
Down below thirty-two. Ha, quicksilver!
Now, in the frosty winter of mine age,
Would that I could do the same!

HOW TO PICKLE PORK.—Get the hog into a proper temperature. To bring this about make him swallow a small thermometer. This 'll warm him. Rub him with paper dipped in oil, give him a uniform coating of barley, tar, sirup of squills, pitch, and gold tin-foil. Paint his head green with orange stripes, and by that time he'll be in a pretty pickle.

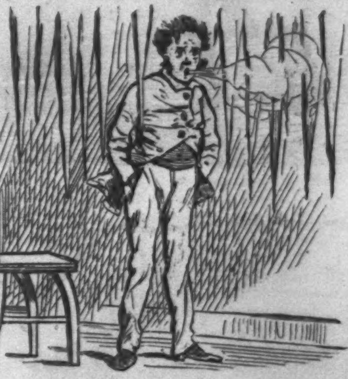
A BALLAD BY A BEDLAMITE.

I'd be a Hottentot,
Born in a bower,
Where in a chimney-pot
Gayly I'd flower.
Music should charm my eyes,
Moons darkly shine,
While on blue-bottle-flies
Boiled I would dine.

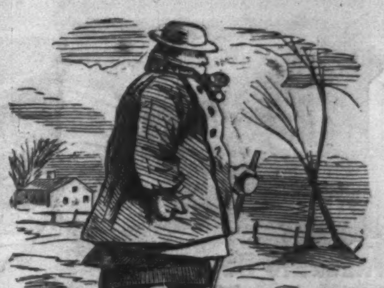
THE BIGGEST PORTMANTEAU KNOWN—The Grand Trunk of Canada.

Woman is composed of 243 bones, 169 muscles, and 396 pins. Fearfully and wonderfully made, and to be handled with great care to avoid scratches.

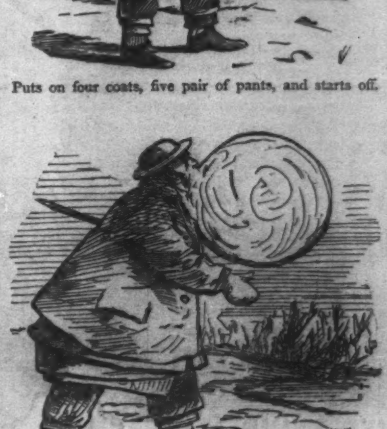
THE COLDEST DAY.



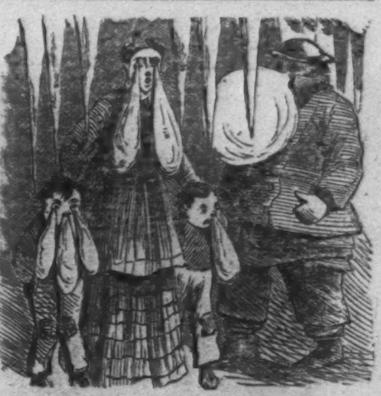
Mr. Jinks is surprised to find room full of icicles.



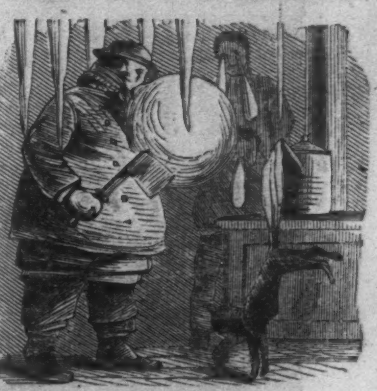
Puts on four coats, five pair of pants, and starts off.



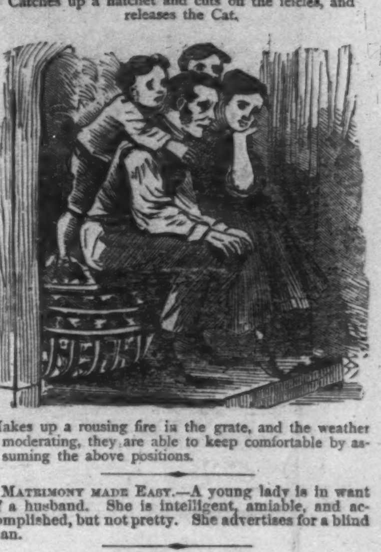
Is alarmed to find huge ball on his mouth, his breath having congealed.



Rushes home to find Wife and Children as above.



Catches up a hatchet and cuts off the icicles, and releases the Cat.



Makes up a rousing fire in the grate, and the weather moderating, they are able to keep comfortable by assuming the above positions.

MATRIMONY MADE EASY.—A young lady is in want of a husband. She is intelligent, amiable, and accomplished, but not pretty. She advertises for a blind man.

THE FORCE OF HABIT.—A literary friend was overheard the other evening requesting his landlady to put clean proof-sheets on his bed.

A man in New Jersey advertises to repair broken pledges; hollow hearts filled on the premises by competent hands, and marble halls furnished on the shortest notice; fond memories taken in exchange. Also, heart-strings furnished at short notice, hard hearts melted down, black hearts regilt, brilliant eyes set, old Roman noses new vamped, gray hair curled and dyed, parched lips made ruby, and wrinkles pressed out, all on the most reasonable terms.

"SOUND" LIQUOR—Ginger Pop.

A love-lorn poet thus gives vent to his feelings:

Were I court-plaster I would be
A patch upon her lip,
And spend my life in ecstasy,
And sip, and sip, and sip.

Were I a pair of spectacles,
How dearly would I prize
A situation on her nose,
To gaze into her eyes!

A certain doctor asked Diogenes which he thought the best way to die. "Surely," he replied, "you might have learned that much from your patients."

FLOATING CAPITAL—Venice.

The height of politeness is passing around upon the opposite side of a lady, when walking with her, in order not to step upon her shadow.

APPEARANCES ARE DECEITFUL.

BY WIDESWARTH.

I saw a jewel gleaming in the light
Of the young moon, and as it lay, afar,
It seemed, unto my dim, uncertain sight,
Invested with the glory of a star.
I hastened on to grasp the glittering prize,
But when I stooped to take it up, alas!
What late was gem-like to my dazzled eyes,
I found was but a chip of bottle-glass.
"And e'en thou, Luna," in my heart I cried,
"That shinest with a glory passing fair,
Could we but closer scan thy queenly pride,
Thou'dst shine no brighter, maybe, than that 'ere.
So, too, yon form, so faultless in its shape,
Might prove a lay-form merely—a sort of perambulating auxiliary of some millinery establishment, of which there are too many about, on which to display some new crinoline or cape."

PROVERBS.

Don't swop with yer relashuns unless you kin afford to give them the big end of the trade.

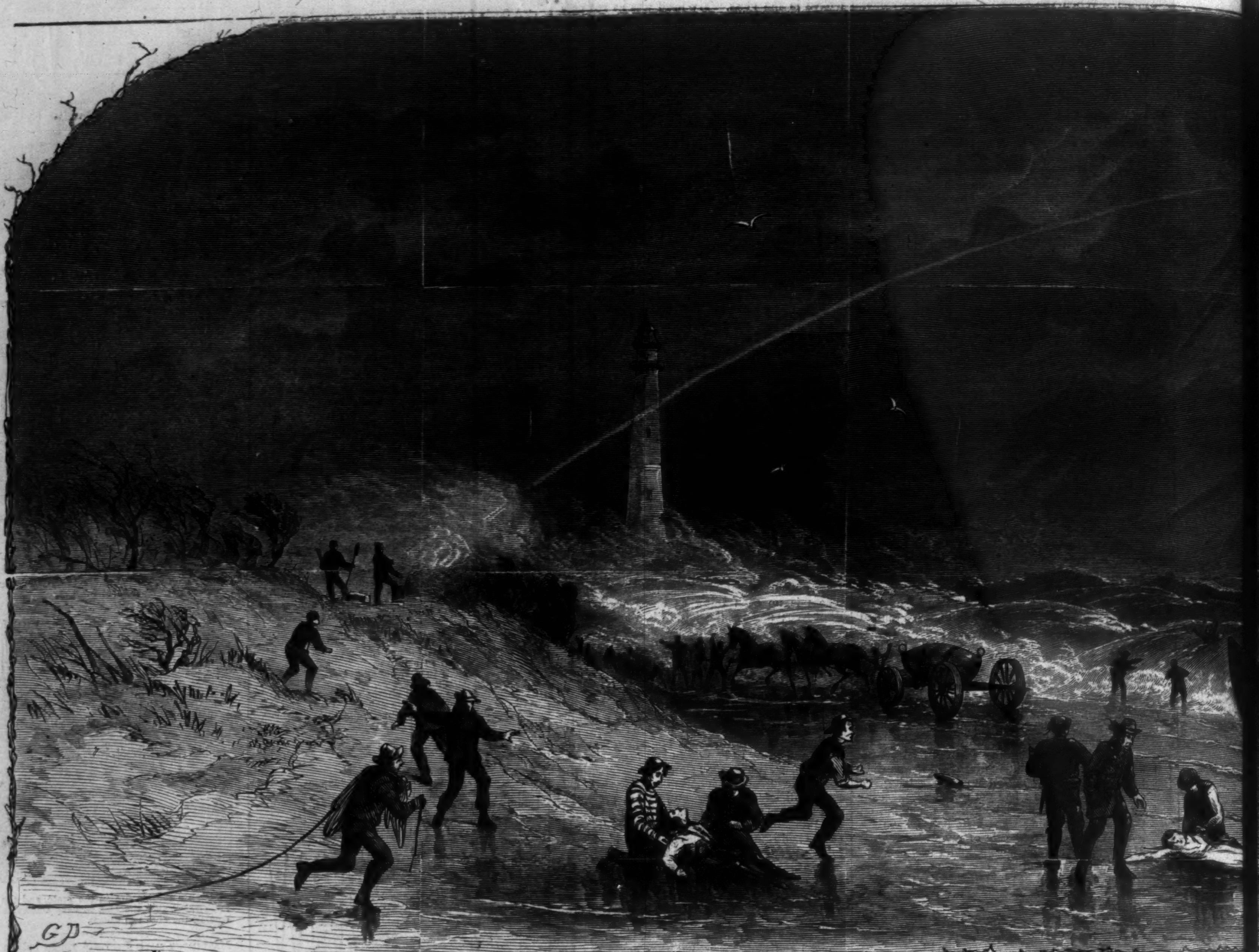
Marry yung, and, if circumstances require it, often.

If you can't git good cloathes and edication too, git the cloathes.

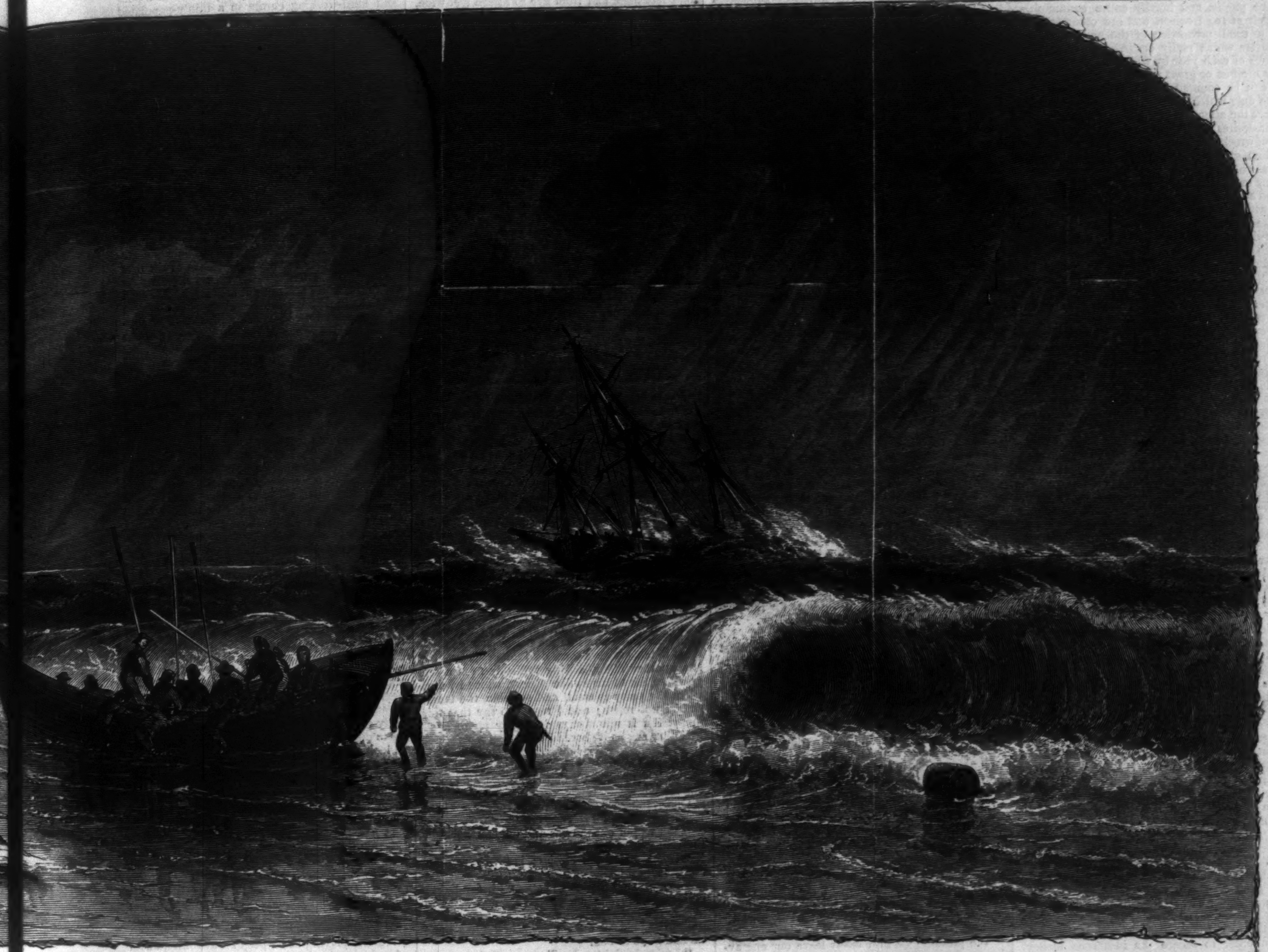
Bee charitable—one cent pieces were made on purpose.

Keep both ize open, but don't see more'n half you notis.

Yung man, be more anxious about the pedigree yur going to leave, then yu are about the wun sumbody's going to leve yu.


GD
14
GOVERNMENT WRECKING HOUSE.
WRECKERS' HUT.
THE MORNING ROUND.
INTERIOR OF HUT.
BAR
LIGHT

AMONG THE WRECKERS OF THE NEW JERSEY


EGAT
T-HOUSE.
THE LIFE CAR.
GOOD THINGS.
ON THE MAIN.
THE STRANGER'S GRAVE.

OAST.—Drawn by Mr. Granville Perkins.—[See Page 58.]

AMONG THE WRECKERS.

THE wrecks at sea which attract the attention of the public, and horrify entire communities, though of too frequent and sad occurrence, are but a small proportion of the number of such disasters which really occur. Those appalling wrecks of each year by which large numbers of lives are lost or great mercantile interests affected, can be counted on one's fingers; and it is those only which, displayed in the public prints, attract the attention of the busy multitude. But if one desires to fully comprehend the great number of wrecks which annually occur on our coasts let him glance over the shipping-list or "ship news" column of any New York daily paper for a year or even half a year; or, better still, let him spend a short time, as our artist has done, among the wreckers of the New Jersey coast, or those of the still more dangerous Florida Keys, and he will become convinced of the great dangers to which those who go down to the sea in ships are continually exposed. It is impossible to give any thing like accurate statistics of the number of vessels annually wrecked on our coasts, for unfortunately our Government is very loose in its figures. England is a little more careful in this matter, and for the benefit and guidance of her mariners publishes annually what is known as the "Wreck Chart," and which not only gives the number and values of vessels lost, and the lives sacrificed, but also indicates on what part of the coast each disaster occurred, thus pointing out the most dangerous points of the English shores. On this chart, which is an outline map of the United Kingdom, each wreck is indicated by a black dot, and in the chart for 1866 thus dismally adorned the "tight little island" appears as if in half-mourning. The accompanying statistics show that the number of vessels wrecked on the English coasts in 1866 was 2889, the number of lives lost 896, while the loss in money is estimated at about $15,000,000, as our dollars go nowadays. How far this exceeds or falls short of our casualties we can not say; but it is believed that in the matter of dangerous coasts and the number of wrecks thereon England enjoys—and long may she enjoy!—an undisputed supremacy.

The causes of shipwrecks are not less curious than the statistics. The natural causes are many. Besides dangerous coasts, shifting sands, sudden squalls, lightning, the cyclones and hurricanes of the torrid zone, the floating icebergs of the frigid and temperate zones, the Gulf Stream and other not clearly defined currents of the ocean, there are other natural causes of wrecks; but strangely enough it is calculated that the largest proportion of the wrecks are brought about through the villainy of man! This at first may seem incredible, but nevertheless it is charged in all seriousness on good authority.

One of the chief causes of the many wrecks on the English coast, as before enumerated, is said to be "the willful parsimony or sheer neglect" of the owners of the vast navy of coal-carrying vessels of England. These vessels are always overloaded, and frequently lost in consequence. The same good authority makes Marine Insurance answerable for a large proportion of this loss, as, under the present system of insurance, owners and masters are encouraged to wreck their vessels in order to secure the insurance money. Moreover, according to the present terms of insurance, a captain is often led to convert a mere casualty happening to his ship into a total loss. If, for instance, he manages to wreck his ship totally, his owner gets the benefit of the whole amount of insurance effected upon her; but if, on the other hand, the captain only runs her aground, and is seaman enough to get her off again, the owner has to bear one-third part of the costs of repairs. Under these circumstances, can it be wondered at that many captains have orders, in case of a ship's striking, to leave her to her fate? It is even charged further that many new ships are built for the purpose of being lost! "Particularly is this fact patent in America, where the Florida Reef is at hand for the purpose of the dishonest skippers," says the English authority. "Dishonest skippers" are not the only bad set which it seems abounds here as well as in England, if we are to believe our English friends, since it is asserted that "villainous pilots" and "rascally lighthouse-keepers" conspire to throw and lure valuable vessels into the hands of the organized, licensed wreckers who infest the shores of the great oceans.

Wreckers and 'longshoremen have had a bad name from time immemorial. They are a rough, rude class—there is no doubt of that—and are lured to their dangerous and ill-reputed occupation by the hope of gain, not the desire to save life; but, after all, what class of mankind can boast of any higher aim than to get gold? The virtue of the wreckers is not superior to their culture, but who of us shall stand forth and throw stones on that account? Wild, rude natures, they have naturally sought wild, exciting occupations, and if there be some bad ones among them, who shall for that reason condemn all? They can not be organized; they have a rude government of their own, cemented by the mutual interests which first suggested it, but all attempts at disciplining them have failed. The New York Board of Underwriters some years ago tried the experiment of disciplining wreckers by fitting out a wrecking-schooner of their own, and sending her to Key West in the hope of a gain to their interests. But the experiment signally failed. The wrecking service is one which can not be maintained by ordinary rates of wages and compensation. The underwriters' vessel consequently remained idly, or laggardly at best, in port, while the independent wreckers were braving the storms and hardships of a most trying business. England has an organized Coast Guard and a National Life-boat Service and other paid and disciplined salvors of property, of great efficiency, but the French of late years have complained that they are little better than wreckers in their depredations. The efficient organization of wreckers has always failed; no good substitute has been suggested for the present system, and, with all its faults, there is no doubt that under it the wreckers of our coast save many lives and much property, and do, in their rough way, a great deal of good.

The incentive to prompt action on the part of a wrecker in saving property is not, as many suppose, the same as that which actuates and cements the Democratic party, "the cohesive power of public plunder." To the insurance agents or Board of Underwriters, not to the wreckers, belong the spoils rescued from a wreck. The wrecker gets only a salvage—a percentage on what he saves—unless he chooses to appropriate such small matters as may be rifled from the ship's safe or a dead man's pocket. The salvage is always high—sometimes extravagantly so—but as it is fixed by a court appointed to try such cases we may presume it is always just. The "appropriations" are often very great also, and not uniformly so just. There is no reward held out or paid for the rescue of life; but by the laws which guide the court it is necessary that each wrecker, to establish his claim for salvage, shall prove that he made no efforts to secure property until all the endangered passengers were aided as far as lay in the wrecker's power; and such aid must be promptly made, and so proven, or the claim for salvage is not allowed. There is one notable exception to the statement that no award has ever been made to a wrecker for saving human life. The decision was made at Key West many years ago, and under the following circumstances: A brig laden with sugars, bound from Havana to a European port, was wrecked upon a reef to the eastward of Key West. On board the vessel, besides the crew, were four or five passengers. Only one boat remained from the wreck fit for use, and this was too small to hold the entire company in escaping from the wreck. A raft was constructed and the party divided, some entering the boat and the others embarking upon the raft, which was attached by a rope to the boat for the purpose of being towed to the nearest Key. The attempt was made accordingly, but in vain. No progress could be made in a rough sea and against a head wind and current. Reluctantly, but of necessity, the raft with the people upon it was cast adrift. The boat alone reached the island, and the party falling in with a wrecker reported the wreck and the abandoned raft. The wrecker went immediately in pursuit of the raft and its freight of human life, and for two days watchfully and anxiously cruised for it until it was found and the people upon it were rescued. Then, and not until then, the salvor proceeded to the wreck. Of the perishable cargo nothing could of course be saved; and after stripping the wreck all the available rigging, sails, chains, and other furniture were carried into Key West.

"In this case," said the Judge of the Admiralty Court, "I award to the salvor all the avails of the articles saved, in value not over three or four hundred dollars, as a just though inadequate compensation for efforts in saving human life." And this was the first and only instance in which he ever gave an award for such an object.

We presume we may safely leave our engraving on the preceding page to tell to the intelligent reader its own story. MR. GRANVILLE PERKINS, the artist, is one of our most pleasing painters of maritime views, and his drawings in this instance are from actual studies among the wreckers about Barnegat Inlet. The large picture shows the wreckers at work preparing to aid the passengers and crew of the vessel which, in the right background, has got aground in a rough sea, and to all appearance is rapidly going to pieces. They have already launched and manned the boat ready to carry the rope which has been fixed to the shore to the doomed ship; others have arrived with the life-car on its truck, and are getting ready to launch it as soon as the cable is stretched from ship to shore; while others build lights on the higher ground along the shore. Two men in the surf prepare to catch the person who is being washed toward them by the sea, while a woman and man are already in the hands of the wreckers. The accessory pictures are not less interesting though hardly as exciting as the main subject. The "Government Wrecking House" is one of a number of buildings erected at intervals along the coast and maintained by the Government. They contain fuel for fire, lights and lamps, and a few medicines, intended for the relief of wrecked persons; but the service is much neglected, and persons oftener find shelter and assistance in the huts of the wreckers, as shown in the sketch entitled "On the Main." Other pictures show the exterior and interior of a wrecker's hut. The manner of operating the life-car is also shown. This car is water-tight, and persons from the wreck are placed in it and dragged through the surf to the shore. "Good Things," the "Morning Round," and the "Stranger's Grave" need no comment or explanation—they tell, as indeed does the entire series of pictures, their own story of a wrecker's life.

THE "WALLED LAKES" OF IOWA.

MR. WHITE, the State Geologist of Iowa, has explained away the mystery of the "Walled Lakes" of Iowa, of which so much has been said and written, by showing that "these immense structures of a lost and forgotten race" were constructed solely by the action of the ice which covers these lakes every winter. The "walls," or more properly "embankments," which surround these lakes vary much in height and width, as well as in the materials which compose them; sometimes they are principally of boulders, but more often of sand, gravel, and earthy material thrown out of the bed of the lake. When the embankments are composed principally of boulders they are usually thrown up from two to four feet high, and from five to fifteen feet wide, and imbedded in sand, gravel, and earth, the outside of the embankment being usually as steep as the inner or lake side; and the latter often faintly resembles an artificial levee. Although they sometimes have a degree of regularity the boulders which compose them are never arranged in any order, nor is there an appearance of any work of art upon them.

The cause which produced these walls is the ice. Whenever the ice became frozen to the bottom of the lake it would freeze fast to, and in many instances inclose, the boulders and gravel which were strewed upon the bottom. When spring returned, the ice being raised by the rains and melting snows, would be carried with its burdens to the high-water shore by the prevailing wind. This process repeated year after year has resulted in the removal of the boulders and gravel to the shore, where they are left where the force of the ice ceased to act. The constant dashing of the waves against the beach in summer has resulted in imbedding the boulders and washing away the gravel, thus producing a strong, compact wall encircling each lake.

COUSIN BOB'S FIRST LOVE.

I WAS staying last winter with a relative who understands comfort. Until he married and settled in the country, a couple of years ago, he had been a college Fellow, and profited by his opportunities to such an extent that he has laid down a railway on his dining-room mantle-piece, and furnished the apartment with several small but firm and solid tables, which are placed round the fire at dessert-time; and his whim is, that his guests should sit in a semicircle about the hearth, with a table for every pair, and that the decanters should travel by hand, like a gentleman in a sedan-chair, and by easy stages, from one chimney-corner to the other, and then take the rail across the chord of the arc to their starting-point. And it is a curious illustration of the saving of fatigue in modern traveling, that the rapid journey across has no apparent effect upon their constitutions, while the slower passage from table to table takes a great deal out of them. He has another fancy, arising probably from a ten years' surfeit of masculine society, which is, that when the party is small and sociable, the ladies should not retire; and I regret to say that this innovation is not always so highly appreciated by either sex as it should be.

As a general rule, however, the experiment is a success, for he has an inexhaustible fund of animal spirits, and a talent for drawing people out of their shells.

One evening we were particularly cozy. There were eight of us, all relations or intimate friends.

"Let us put out the gas and tell stories," said the youngest of the party.

"Good, as to the stories; but why put out the gas?"

"Oh, because stories go better with fire-light; besides, people tell things about themselves more plainly the less clearly they are seen. At school the girls would let out all sorts of secrets after we had gone to bed."

"Lyddy is right. I will turn off the gas.—There! Now, who will do a bit of secular confession?"

Lyddy looked carefully round, and said: "Cousin Bob."

"Yes, of course; he has hardly spoken all the evening, and must have been meditating.—Come, Bob, tell us what has occupied your thoughts."

"I was reflecting upon the folly of mankind, which values turkeys in proportion to their bigness, whereas a small turkey is infinitely nicer than a large one. I was also speculating upon whether a cassowary could digest a mince-pie. I think not."

"Come, come, Bob, though you are an old bachelor, an epicure, and a lawyer, you must have an interesting reminiscence for us. What romantic stories you must become acquainted with in the course of business, for example."

"Well, I am not exactly in the habit of betraying the confidence of my clients; but if you would like to hear an outline of the case of Dodds and Glover, I will make an exception in your favor. It is rather dry. You see Dodds is trustee for a burial-ground, and the vicar—"

"Oh, oh! No, no!"

"It is of no use, I fear; Bob has no romance in him."

"Romance! I have done with that the last twenty years."

"Then you were romantic once!" cried Lyddy. (Sharp girl that.) "Tell us."

"Yes, at your age, Lyddy, I was an inhabitant of an ideal world, for I knew nothing of the real one. My parents lived in a most secluded manner; and as they had peculiar notions on the subject of education they never sent me to school. My father had an idea that it ought to be the great joy of his life to watch my mind open just as if it were an oyster!—By-the-by, you are right to serve them in the top shells, Morton.—I expect that you have not all read Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, at least not quite through; and as for *Amadis of Gaul*, I will bet even that none of you have ever opened its pages. Those two books were my favorites; I knew great parts of them by heart. I wrote a little poetry myself, and some of it was thought rather pretty: my *Field Mouse*, and *Stanzas to an Autumnal Fly*, for example. Would you like to hear my *Autumnal Fly*?—No? That is fortunate, for I fear that it is obsolete. I was sent at last to a private tutor, who was to pry that mind of mine open a little wider, and shove what was needful for matriculation at the university into the gap. Here, at last, I might have had a chance of a glimpse at the True, one would have thought; but, unfortunately, my tutor was a poor and hard-working curate in a thinly-populated district; a good man, who, when he was not coaching me or walking over the moors to outlying parishioners, was entirely preoccupied with coal-tickets, tracts, sore legs, rheumatisms, twins, and such like. And I had no fellow-pupil. So, if possible, I got rather worse instead of better, and commenced an epic in six books. Likewise, if you must have it, I fell in love."

"Hurrah! Pass the bottle before he begins. Empty and take a back-hander, Bob. Now, then."

"It really was rather a romantic affair. I was walking out alone one day, in search of an appetite and an inspiration, when I came to a house and garden surrounded by a high wall at the foot of a hill. The appetite I had little difficulty about in those happy days; but the inspiration hung fire, and the epic poem could not for the life of it get over the third stanza of the first canto, where it had stuck for weeks. To soar above the world a bit might help me, so I turned to the hill and tried the Excelsior plan. When I had mounted a couple of hundred feet of slippery grass I was out of breath, throbbing at the temples and damp; so I turned about and sat down on a convenient sheep-path to see if the Muse was inclined to strike up yet. The Muse still sulked; but I had a capital bird's-eye view of the garden beneath me, which was large, and laid out with thick and shady shrubberies, and in a walk which intersected one of these I caught the glimpse of a female robe.

"Now, a poet who catches sight of a petticoat while he is in the very crucible of composition is bound to become enamored, unless, indeed, it is on a clothes-line, or he is already in love with some one else—and I am not sure that he would always be safe even in those contingencies. I was clean bowled on the instant. However susceptible a prosaic man would have waited till he saw whether she had a hump or a wooden leg, or was nearest sixteen or sixty; but my instinct told me that she was young and lovely. In half a minute she emerged into a clear space, and faith! my instinct was right. Though she was rather far off, I was long-sighted and could tell that.

"As when the sportsman, intent on shooting a rabbit in cover, watches the furze-bush from which he expects the furred creature to appear next, so did I gaze on the gaps in the trees through which the sylph-like form would presently glide, and then I watched her till we once more disappeared beneath the leaves, and I had to look for an opening further on.

"At length she happened to turn her eyes toward the hill, and so became aware of my presence. There was one point of sympathy between us established already; she too must be long-sighted, for she could evidently distinguish that I was not a shepherd, at least in the practical sense of tending sheep—in the Arcadian meaning, I was a little in that line—for she would not otherwise have taken so much notice of me; standing still and looking full at me; walking on, and stealing hurried side-glances; watching me from sheltered spots where she fancied I could not detect her.

"After playing at bo-peep for about a quarter of an hour, the deep tones of a bell were heard, and she hurried off toward the house. As she took one last look in my direction, I rose up, and laid my hand upon my heart; she waved her handkerchief in answer, and vanished. On the following day I returned to the same spot at the same hour, and saw her again. I took off my hat; she waved her parasol; I kissed my hand, she kissed hers. The flirtation was as desperate as it well could be, considering the distance between us, and the insecure nature of my footing.

"I continued to haunt that hill; sometimes I saw the divinity of the garden, and sometimes I did not; but when I did, she was always alone, and we exhausted our ingenuity in exchanging sentiments by signs.

"However timid and respectful a lover may be, he does desire after a time to approach nearer than a hundred yards to the object of his affections, and that was the closest I could get by stationing myself on the lowest spot which commanded a view over the wall. Besides, to enable a telegraph to work satisfactorily, the parties communicating by it should meet together first to explain what their signals mean. So my heart leaped with gladness when, on the fifth day of pantomimic performance, she unmistakably beckoned to me. I ran down the hill and was under the wall in half a minute.

"'Are you there?' asked the softest and sweetest voice (present company always excepted) that I ever heard.

"'Loveliest and fairest, I am.'

"Bang came something on the top of my hat. It was a large stone, with the following note attached to it by a piece of string:

> "'Mysterious unknown, are you another foe or a friend? A secret instinct inclines me to deem you the latter. Know you my pitiable story? Have you sought me out, and come to my rescue? Or have you been drawn by a mysterious magnetic power to the foot of these walls, ignorant of whom they contain? If the latter, inquire not of others, lest your questions excite suspicion. There are spies every where. I myself will my "tale unfold" (Shakspeare) in fitting time and place. Speak not, but adopt my method of communication.'

"The style was, to my then taste, charming. The ('Shakspeare') was rather eccentric perhaps; but did it not show a sweetly tender conscience, only too rare in these days of wholesale plagiary?

"I should have liked to have returned an answer in poetry, but there was not time for an impromptu. So I tore a leaf (there were plenty of blank ones) out of the note-book intended for my epic (which indeed eventually proved to be all *blank* verse), and wrote the following letter:

> "'Fair and afflicted lady, you are right: I am indeed a friend; and I know not who you are. An almighty influence—need I name it?—has drawn me toward you. I know nothing, I seek to know nothing, but that I am your blind and devoted slave.'

"Pretty, was it not? Well, I tied that to the stone, and remembering my own accident, and that my charmer did not wear a tall, stiff hat, I uttered a warning-cry, and tossed the missive over the wall. Then I ran up the hill, to see how she liked it, and ascended high enough in time to observe the whole process of reading the note, which she did holding it at arm's-length, clutching it with both hands, lips parted. If she had studied under a pre-Raphaelite painter, she could not have done it better.

"What I had said seemed to be satisfactory to her, for when she had read it she kissed the note twice, and thrust it into her bosom; looked up at the sky, clasped her hands, and walked rapidly off toward the house, without attempting to communicate with me further.

"Immediately after that commencement of a correspondence wet weather set in, and I did not see the mystery of my heart for a week; at the end of that time the sun reappeared, and on mounting guard on my hill I perceived that she was once more in the garden. She appeared glad to see me, and motioned me down to the foot of the wall again, and when I was there tossed me over another letter:

> "'I can not fully trust you till I have scanned your features more closely. Swim the moat and scale the battlements, so shall we converse at ease.'

"What did she mean by a moat? Was it a playful allusion to the quantity of rain that had fallen? Or a sarcastic intimation that the difficulties I had to overcome were trifling indeed to those which lovers in the good old times thought nothing of? Or was she merely indulging in a poetical license? I left all this for future consideration: the battlements were indubitably the wall, and her meaning was sufficiently plain for immediate practical enterprise.

"'I come, fair lady, I come!' I cried, looking about for a good climbing situation. But the wall had been newly pointed, and there were no cracks or crannies into which finger or boot tips could be insinuated. A smooth surface was presented to me, up which a cat might possibly have run, though I doubt it, but before which a clawless creature was helpless.

"I was now well provided with writing materials, and I explained my difficulty on gold-edged, tinted, and scented note-paper, promising, however, to get over it and up the wall next day, or to perish in the attempt; though how either alternative was to be accomplished I could not for the life of me imagine.

"But the night brought counsel; and on the following morning I procured several large nails, or staples, and a mallet; and going to the place earlier than usual, and first ascertaining from my post on the hill-side that the coast was clear, I proceeded to drive a nail into the mortar at about three feet from the ground, another higher up, and then, standing on the lowest and holding on to the other with my left hand, I knocked a third in still higher; and so, after many tumbles and abrasions of the skin, I contrived a series of points of advantage which enabled me to scramble high enough to catch hold of the top of the wall, and then I was all right, for there were no broken bottles along the coping.

"The task completed, I dropped to the ground and ran up the hill to the post of observation, and there I sat till the lady made her appearance; then I waved my hat in triumph, rushed down, sprang up the wall, and seated myself on the top of it. Beneath me stood the object of my affections, so close that I could scan her every feature, catch her faintest sigh. That was a great trial, for I had let my imagination take the bit between its teeth upon the subject of her charms; and a coarse complexion, irregular teeth, or large ears, would have disenchanted me. But she really was a remarkably handsome girl, with a sort of anxious, distressed look in her eyes, which appealed strongly to the sympathies. There was a certain eccentric, tragedy way with her, which ordinary worldlings might have taken exception at, but which only served to rivet my chains the faster.

"'Tis well,' she said, when she had gazed on me in silence for a somewhat embarrassing minute. 'Now turn your face sideways: 'tis again well. Your features recommend you, but they are sometimes deceitful. Can I really, truly trust you?'

"'Loveliest and dearest, you can,' I replied from the top of the wall. 'I will lay down my life to serve you.'

"'I accept,' she said in solemn tones, which gave me rather a thrill. One does not expect one's words to be taken up in that literal way.

"'I had sooner live for you, though,' I hastened to add; and take this opportunity of apologizing to the spirit of the original utterer of that joke for the theft.

"'Thanks! thanks!' she explained. 'And what will you do for me? How prove that devotion which I doubt not?'

"It was more convenient for a youth under age, entirely destitute both of resources and experience, and situated in a precarious position on the top of a wall, to deal in generalities than to propose any definite course of action. I was puzzled for a moment, but suddenly remembered with relief that I was in complete ignorance as to who she was and what she wanted, and that it was only reasonable that the direction in which my chivalrous path was to lie should be pointed out by her.

"'True,' she said, when I mentioned this fact. 'I must trust you with my sad secret. Know, then, that I am not what I seem. Doubtless, you take me for an Englishwoman, for I speak your tongue with fluency and correctness; but no: I am a Russian princess. A cruel and wicked cousin coveted my estates, to which he was the next heir. He sought to acquire them by the lawful means of marriage, but being a man of ungovernable temper, he one day had a serf knouted to death before my eyes; and I loathed and dreaded him. The sting of outraged vanity was then added to his cupidity, and he determined to dispossess me. But I was a favorite with the Czar, the Czarina, and all the royal family; and while I remained in Russia I was safe. But a sad infatuation tempted me to travel; and the moment I touched these inhospitable shores I was seized and hurried to this place, where I have been incarcerated ever since. Doubtless my villainous relative has spread the report of my death, and is squandering my property upon his minions.'

"'But,' cried I, with an enthusiasm which nearly made me lose my balance, 'the matter is simple. I will go to the nearest magistrate; I will seek the aid of the police—I will—'

"'Pray—pray, do nothing of the kind!' she exclaimed with alarm. 'My enemy is connected by the strongest ties with your prime minister, and the chief of your police is in his power. One word to the authorities, and my cause is lost for ever! No; flight is my only resource. Aid my escape; fly with me; bring me to my native land, and I am saved. Eternal gratitude and countless treasures shall be yours.'

"'And may I not presume to a higher reward?' I asked.

"'What mean you?' she replied, bashfully.

"'I fear lest my temerity should offend you,' said I; 'but love is ever presumptuous. And if I could only hope that my affection might one day meet with a return, I should be inspired with an ardor before which all obstacles would melt away.'

"This was pretty well for a bashful lad, was it not? I do not believe I could have spoken such words in an ordinary drawing-room had my life depended upon it; but from the top of a wall it was different. Further advance was impossible, and retreat so easy! And yet, when one comes to think of it, to make an offer of marriage to a princess on a first interview was a prompt proceeding. It was successful, however, for I was accepted then and there, and all that remained was to make arrangements for our flight.

"I had several other conversations from the top of the wall with my princess before our plans were matured. The great difficulty was funds. Once in Russia, and we should be encumbered with a superfluity of wealth; but we had to get there. It was a difficulty which never occurred to the knights of old, who always tossed their purses to those who demanded money of them, and yet had other purses for the next comer, and I was therefore at a loss for a precedent.

"I had three pounds ten shillings of pocket-money; and by pawning my watch, chain, pin, and a ring, I raised ten pounds more; but that was sadly insufficient for so long a journey. I was obliged at length to explain the difficulty to my princess, who removed it at once. She had jewels, which, even if sold for a minute fraction of their value, would provide us with ample funds, and she would bring them with her.

"So the day was absolutely fixed, and our plans carefully laid. The only hour at which the princess had an opportunity for escape was that when we usually communicated; we must therefore take the extra risk of a mid-day flight, and speedy discovery and pursuit. We were to make our way on foot to a sea-port town some seven miles off, and take ship from thence to Hamburg, where we were to be married, and travel as fast as we could to St. Petersburg. When all was arranged, I felt considerable compunction on reflecting upon the state of flurry into which my poor tutor would be thrown by my mysterious disappearance, and the anxiety of my parents on first hearing of it. But how short would be their anxiety, for I would write and set their minds at rest the moment we were safe in a foreign land; and what pride and pleasure would be theirs when they learned that their son was a prince, with forests and a mine, and any number of serfs; not to mention the most lovely princess that ever existed out of the *Arabian Nights!*

"Would marrying a princess make me a prince, though? I was not certain about that. But what is in a name? The solid advantages remained.

"And so, one fine afternoon, I, the man of the world, the realistic, fusty old lawyer now addressing you, positively climbed to the top of the wall, and let down a rope-ladder of my own manufacture; and when my princess had clambered up it, I caught her in my arms, seated her beside me, and began arranging the rope-ladder for her descent on the other side. Hurried and excited as I was, I yet perceived that the princess had not exaggerated the value of her jewels. She had on diamond ear-rings of such size that they dangled to her shoulders; long pendants of shape and dimensions such as I had never seen in precious stones before; indeed, if I had not known, I should have taken them for the glass ornaments of a chandelier.

"'My knight! my deliverer!' exclaimed the princess. 'What a go this is, isn't it?' she added presently in quite a different tone; and then springing up and down in a childish fashion, she commenced singing:

> '"Humpy-dumpy sat on a wall;
> Humpy-dumpy had a great fall."'

"'Hollo, there! what are you after?' shouted a hoarse voice from the garden; and on looking in that direction I saw two servants running up, and a portly gentleman in their rear.

"'Here is the rope; let yourself down: we are discovered!' I cried to my companion.

"'Humpy-dumpy sat on a wall,' she sang, seizing me by the shoulders.

"'It is no time for play, dearest,' I remonstrated; 'but be quick, and we may yet give them the slip.'

"'Humpy-dumpy had a great fall," she continued to sing; and to illustrate her words, she gave me a sudden push, and over I went into the garden, alighting—not on my feet.

"'Run and fetch the ladder,' said the gentleman to one of his servants. 'That is a nice airy seat you have chosen, dear Miss Seymour. May I be permitted to join you?'

"'Certainly, doctor. It seems this gentleman could not keep his place.

> "All the king's horses and all the king's men
> Could not pick Humpy up again!"'

And the princess pointed to me as she sang the words; and then she laughed so heartily that she nearly rolled off the wall; and then she crowed, I do not mean like a baby, but like a cock. And then the ladder came, and she was got away into the house.

"'And now, Sir,' said the doctor to me, 'what have you got to say that I should not give you into custody?'

"I wonder whether I looked like a fool. If my features are capable of assuming such an expression I should imagine that they seized that opportunity of doing so. I made a clean breast of it, giving my name and address, and the doctor was very good-natured about the affair. But there was no doubt of my having been on the point of running off with a very dangerous lunatic."

"'Just as—pardon me for saying so, Cousin Bob—she was about running off with a very innocent one.'

"You are quite right, Lyddy. And so, from having been a perfect sot in romance I became a total abstainer."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

A NOVEL experiment—but one based upon the soundest principles of physiology and benevolence—has recently been tried by the managers of the Howard Mission, and promises to be very successful. The details of this experiment must interest all who care for the poor and wretched, and will be of practical utility to those who are laboring among them, in the hope of doing them good. It should be understood by all who are desirous to reclaim the wicked, that although a tract may be good, for a hungry man a loaf of bread is better; advice may be excellent, but it will not sit well on an empty stomach; counsel and admonition may be cheaper than beef and potatoes, but they seldom reach the heart, if a hungry body longs for food.

Mr. Van Meter, the projector of the Howard Mission, seems to understand this fact. A few weeks ago he conceived a scheme for the benefit of station-house lodgers. He consulted with the captains of several of the police station-houses, and, with their approval, cards of invitation were issued, inviting somebody unknown to breakfast with Mr. Van Meter on Sunday morning—the name of the invited being left to be inserted according to the judgment of the police. Accordingly those to whom it was considered judicious to extend the invitation were dismissed from the station-house about eight o'clock Sunday morning, and conducted to the Howard Mission-house. The first Sunday about one hundred and fifty responded to the call, and a month or so later four hundred hungry creatures partook of a bountiful breakfast of substantial food and good coffee. Breakfast was the *first* thing, after a few pleasant words of welcome; then the guests of the Mission were prepared to listen to some brief and simple religious instruction, adapted to their condition. Gentleness and kind words melted the hearts of rough and hardened men, and as the short and simple prayer was offered many a tear dropped from eyes unused to weep. Then, in personal conversation, sympathy and helpful advice was extended to those who were not unwilling to tell their tale of misfortune or sin to friends. And finally—various small articles of clothing, such as scarfs, collars, shoes, etc., having been sent in by friends of the Mission—such of the congregation as were in want were supplied according to their immediate necessities.

Such a missionary work as this can not fail of accomplishing some good—*how* much may never be known to those who labor thus in Christian love; but the good seed, scattered with a liberal hand on many kinds of soil, will spring up and bear fruit in strange places years hence.

A few weeks ago yellow-fever of the most malignant type broke out on board the United States steamer *Don*, at Vera Cruz. Twenty-three men were seized with it, and several died. The commander landed the sick, and then, closing the hatches of the berth-deck and ward-room, disconnected a joint of the steam heater in each, and kept them filled with steam for two hours. At that time the thermometer indicated a temperature of 205° in the ward-room, and 170° in the berth-deck. The heating was then discontinued and the ship dried. The work was effectual; there were no more cases of yellow-fever.

In some of the cars on the New York and New Haven Railroad pipes have been placed, running under the seats, and connected with a heater at one end of the car, by means of which a circulation of hot water is kept up. This is a great improvement upon the ordinary method of warming cars, since the heat is greatest where it is most needed, in the region of the feet.

It has been ascertained that sixty per cent. of the weight of corn-husks are of value in the arts. In Austria, it is said, they obtain from every one hundred pounds of husks twenty pounds of excellent varieties of paper, twenty-five pounds of long fibre, suitable for spinning and weaving into a cloth of great strength, and fifteen pounds of farinaceous substance, which, by itself, or added to wheat flour, makes an excellent bread, and will keep sweet and good for months, and is thus well adapted to supply the place of hard tack in army and at sea. Husks are worth $70 per ton in St. Louis, for the manufacture of mattresses. To prepare them for market it is only needful to split them once or twice and bale them.

Yankees are wonderfully enterprising, and will engage in almost any respectable (and sometimes quite otherwise) business for the sake of money. One Yankee of great energy is reported to have bought an island in the Ohio River, and stocked the same with black cats, intending to go into the fur trade. There is a story of a gentleman who, years ago, made a similar experiment on an island in the Chesapeake Bay. He sent a colony of the finest felines to the island, and they soon increased so wonderfully that he was compelled to employ two men to live on the island and fish with a seine, in order to supply them with food. Soon whole legions of black cats trooped over the island home, devouring every thing in the shape of food. Alarmed at this, one of the men returned to the main land to report the state of affairs. Meanwhile the cats became exceedingly bold, and the remaining man locked himself in his cabin, and prepared for a siege. The enemy, urged on by hunger, surrounded the house, climbed up the sides, staring in at the windows, and keeping up the while the most hideous caterwauling. The affrighted man carefully stopped up every crevice, and for two days and nights he was kept in this singular prison, with the dreadful howls of famishing cats ever resounding in his ears. At length a party arrived with guns, and succeeded in succoring him from his truly awful position; but so numerous were the cats, so fierce their aspect, and threatening their demeanor, that both the rescuers and the rescued were only too glad to leave this pandemonium. The animals all perished, and thus ended one of the most extensive cat-rearing ventures ever recorded.

A very singular incident occurred on the Grand Trunk Railroad not long ago. A little girl, two years old, with her parents, was on board the saloon car attached on a night freight train, and was sitting near the side-door, which was partially open. The train was on a down grade, running twenty miles per hour, when a sudden rebound of the car threw the child out of the door. Horror-stricken, the conductor signaled to "break up hard," seized his lantern, jumped off, and ran back, expecting to see a bruised corpse, but presently heard a childish voice crying out "Papa! papa!" and in a moment more met the little one running along to catch the train. The wind, which was blowing fresh at the time, had inflated her clothing and buoyed her up, and she was not in the least injured.

In Bridgeport, Connecticut, a novelty is being constructed in the shape of a wagon body made of rubber, hardened by the addition of tin and iron in the composition, and cast in a mould.

A Springfield Yankee has invented a "power ice or street carriage," which resembles a double sleigh, has seats for five, and is propelled by machinery worked by the driver on the front seat. It will run backward or forward. With it persons can go skating and keep well wrapped up in buffalo robes and afghans.

Cold weather they have in Maine. An incautious mouse residing in that frigid section of the United States attempted to eat some meat which clung to an axe, when the creature's tongue was frozen to the blade—and he never ate again! This style of mouse-trap is the latest known.

Foreign papers say that out of five young men in Berlin, Prussia, who recently tried to go a week without sleep, three died. Why didn't they go to sleep? And what, or who, kept them awake till they died?

A new pill has been invented in Albany. It is made of India-rubber. One box is warranted to cure a cold, and renders your over-coat impervious to water.

Some distinguished legal gentleman once remarked that where he "had found one fraudulent debtor he had found ninety-nine fraudulent creditors." A practical illustration of this statement is found in the case of a Dutchman living somewhere in the kingdom of New Jersey.

"Hans," said he to his son one day, "you go to mill right off. Dere ish no corn meal."

"Yah," said Hans, "and dere is no corn shelled, neider."

"Nein? Vell, ten I tells you. How much corn Schmidt porrows—you know ven—last year sometimes?"

"Vell, pout von bushel," replied Hans.

"Yah! so I dinks, too. Take de mare, Hans, and tell Schmidt you come for de corns vot he porrows. And, Hans, take a *couple* of pags mit you, mine son Hans. Schmidt have very short memory, Hans, and 'tain't vort vile taking *von* pushel to te mills, Hans."

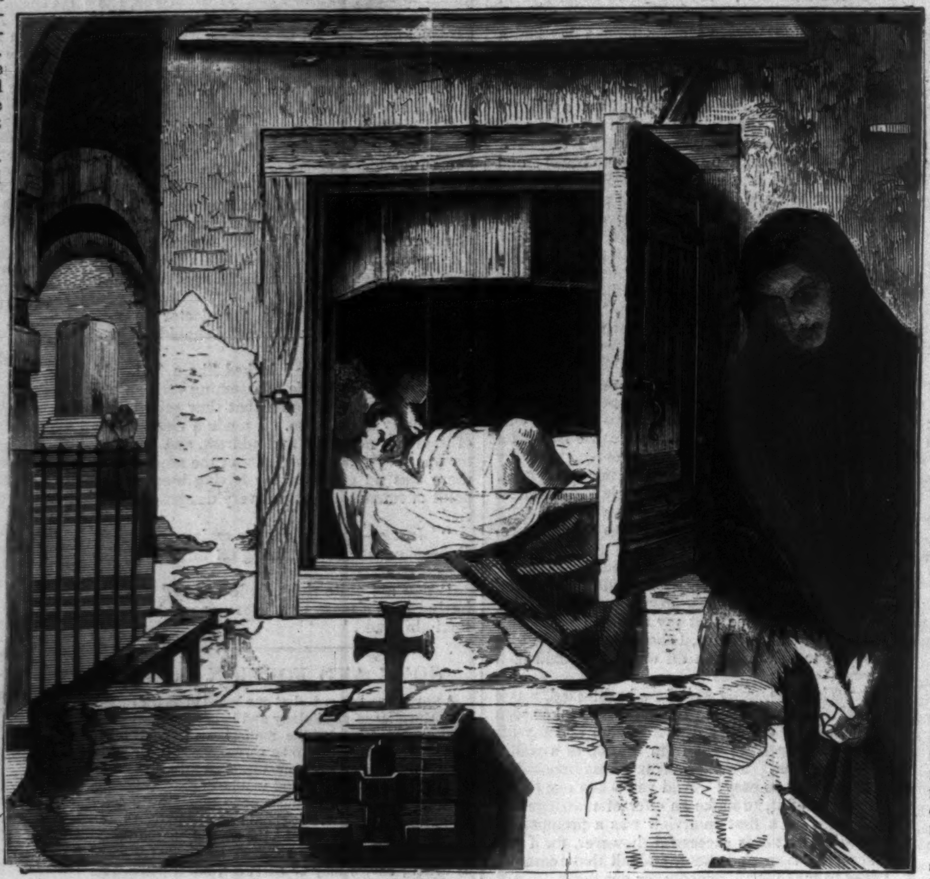
FOUNDLING HOSPITALS.

THE late DR. WORTHINGTON HOOKER, in a former Number of this journal (Vol. XI., p. 382), made some very startling statements relative to the very great decrease in the number of native-born children in this and other countries, and the causes thereof. It was shown that the number of children to each family in various States of the Union has been gradually decreasing for several generations, until the average has declined from eight to less than three children to a family; and that the cause thereof was abortion, or murder before birth, on the part of the mothers! The appalling prevalence of such crimes is made apparent by the occasional notoriety given to murders of the kind, and by the continual publicity given to the advertisements of so-called physicians who conduct the nefarious practice which results in such crimes.

It was also stated in the same connection that statistical observations show that the strictly native population of many of the States is not increasing. This is owing in part to the cause above stated, and partly to the only less prevalent crime of infanticide. Hardly a day passes in which mothers are not arrested in this and other of our large cities, and in all parts of the country, charged with the murder of their offspring; and even more frequently do we hear of infants being exposed at the doors of our citizens. The prevalence of these crimes has long attracted the attention of the benevolent, but little that is practical has ever been done to prevent their commission. In older but not more enlightened countries than our own efforts have been made to preserve the lives of the many thousands of illegitimate children who are annually born. The most sensible and practical of these efforts have resulted in the establishment of hospitals in which the children may be deposited without the exposure of the guilty parent. The first incentive of a guilty mother, on giving birth to an illegitimate child, is to remove the poor innocent whose existence is proof of her shame; and many of them in the despair of the moment destroy the lives of their children. The establishment of foundling hospitals has resulted in affording mothers a less horrible means of hiding their shame, and in the preservation of the life of the infant. The ultimate result has not been, as many have argued, the encouragement of immorality, but the preservation of life.

In London and all parts of England, in most of the countries of Europe and South America, there are numbers of these hospitals, where base-born infants may be deposited without exposure to the parents. Our illustration on this page shows the manner in which infants are thus placed in the hospitals. The hospital which we have chosen to illustrate the subject is that of the *Spedale degl' Innocenti* at Florence, Italy, and the picture shows the wicket-gate for receiving the infants. A small door opens upon a recess large enough to contain an infant, basketed or otherwise. At the side of this little door is a bell-pull, which the depositor makes use of to summon attendance, and then hastily departs or conceals herself in a dark corner of the piazza, till, through an inner door corresponding with the outer one, the infant is taken from the recess into the hospital.

The prevalence of the crime of infanticide in this country demands the adoption of this or some equally practical plan for preserving human life, by removing the incentive of mothers to destroy their children; and it is to be hoped that the agitation of the subject may lead to early and sensible action on the part of the practically benevolent portion of the community.



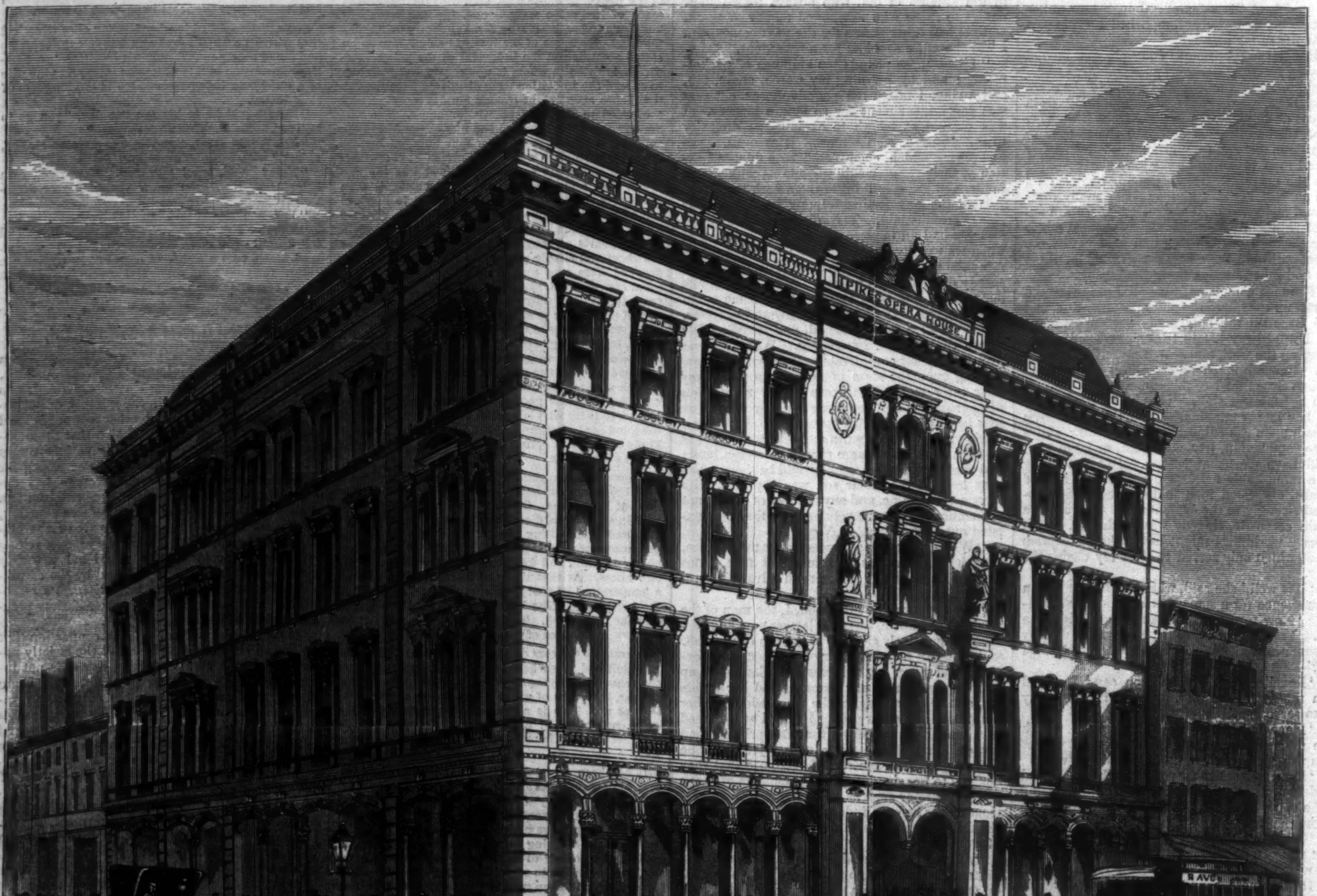
THE WICKET OF THE FOUNDLING HOSPITAL AT FLORENCE, ITALY.

PIKE'S NEW OPERA-HOUSE.

We have had occasion to animadvert in rather strong terms on those architectural disgraces, our city theatres; and have said that "not one of the theatres and opera-houses of New York has any architectural beauty." This was very true at the time it was written, but it is inapplicable since Mr. S. N. Pike has completed his elegant Opera-house at the corner of Eighth Avenue and Twenty-third Street.

The engraving which we present will give the reader an idea of the exterior of the building. It is built of iron and marble, and is four stories high, surmounted by a Mansard roof. The interior of this temple of music needs more elaborate description. The dimensions of the Opera-house proper, which is located in the rear of the marble building the front of which is seen in our engraving (and which is really only the gateway to this beautiful temple of music), are one hundred and eighty-five feet deep by eighty feet wide. It is built over a clear excavation of ten feet in depth, extending the full length and breadth of the entire front and rear buildings. The auditorium, from floor to ceiling, is 70 feet high, and will comfortably accommodate fully 2600 people. There are likewise six elegant proscenium boxes, and twenty-seven dress-circle boxes. The dress-circle boxes are arranged with white and gold ornaments, and the proscenium boxes are lined with tasty and handsome material, and curtained with blue damask, presenting a rich and elegant appearance. The proscenium has a depth of ten feet, and is profusely decorated with rich and pleasing designs, the whole being surmounted with massive trusses covered with gilded ornamentations of striking design and finish. The prevailing tints of the proscenium are white and gold, and the raised ornaments are unique and novel throughout, presenting a singularly beautiful effect from the auditorium. But the most striking and attractive feature is the dome which surmounts the centre of the auditorium. In a diameter of thirty feet there is an inner gallery for purposes of promenade, and in this are placed eight papier-maché figures in statuesque, each bearing a cluster of burners. A cupola of octagonal form surmounts the dome, encircling which are eight frescoed figures, representing the Muses, and executed in tinted colors, forming a spirited and pleasing contrast to the prevailing white and gold tints of the remainder of the theatre. The stage is 70 feet deep by 80 feet wide, thus leaving ample room for the most elaborate display of scenery. The drop-curtain represents the landing of Columbus, and is a model both in design and execution. There are three capacious public entrances, the two principal of which are through the marble corner building, and both opening into a grand vestibule. The total area of entrance room is fully ninety feet, and in case of fire or accident there are other avenues of egress that can be thrown open at a moment's notice.

Mr. Pike's enterprise has been ably seconded by the architectural skill of Mr. G. Thomas, and to the combined liberality of the one and the professional knowledge of the other the city of New York is indebted for this new and pleasing ornamentation, and it will doubtless amply reward the projector's enterprise.



PIKE'S NEW OPERA-HOUSE, CORNER OF TWENTY-THIRD STREET AND EIGHTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.—[Photographed by Rockwood, 839 Broadway.]

THE VICTIM.

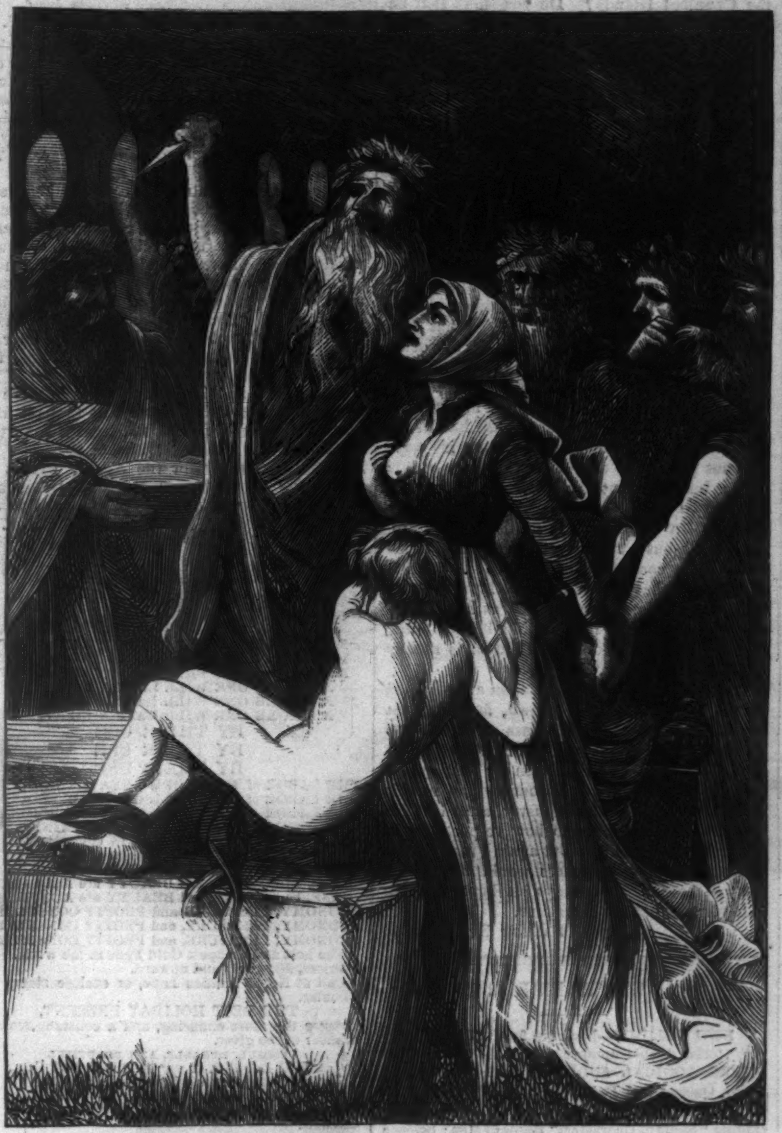
BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

A plague upon the people fell,
A famine after laid them low,
Then thorpe and byre arose in fire,
For on them brake the sudden foe;
So thick they died the people cried
"The Gods are moved against the land."
The Priest in horror about his altar
To Thor and Odin lifted a hand.
"Help us from famine
And plague and strife!
What would you have of us?
Human life?
Were it our nearest,
Were it our dearest
(Answer, O answer),
We give you his life."

But still the foeman spoil'd and burn'd,
And cattle died, and deer in wood,
And bird in air, and fishes turn'd
And whiten'd all the rolling flood;
And dead men lay all over the way,
Or down in a furrow scathed with flame:
And ever and aye the Priesthood moan'd
Till at last it seemed that an answer came:
"The King is happy
In child and wife;
Take you his nearest,
Take you his dearest,
Give us a life."

The Priest went out by heath and hill;
The King was hunting in the wild;
They found the mother sitting still;
She cast her arms about the child.
The child was only eight summers old,
His beauty still with his years increased,
His face was ruddy, his hair was gold,
He seem'd a victim due to the priest.
The Priest exulted,
And cried with joy,
"Here is his nearest,
Here is his dearest,
We take the boy."

The King return'd from out the wild,
He bore but little game in hand;
The mother said "They have taken the child,
To spill his blood and heal the land:
The land is sick, the people diseased,
And blight and famine on all the lea:
The holy Gods, they must be appeased,
So I pray you tell the truth to me.
They have taken our son,
They will have his life.
Is *he* your nearest?
Is *he* your dearest?
(Answer, O answer)
Or I, the wife?"



THE VICTIM—"And shrieking 'I am his dearest!' rushed on the knife."

The King bent low, with hand on brow,
He stay'd his arms upon his knee:
"O wife, what use to answer now?
For now the Priest has judged for me."
The King was shaken with holy fear;
"The Gods," he said, "would have chosen well;
Yet both are near, and both are dear,
And which the dearest I can not tell!"
But the Priest was happy,
His victim won.
"We have his nearest,
We have his dearest,
His only son!"

The rites prepared, the victim bared,
The knife uprising toward the blow,
To the altar-stone she sprang alone,
"Me, me, not him, my darling, no!"
He caught her away with a sudden cry;
Suddenly from him brake the wife,
And shrieking "*I* am his dearest, I—
I am his dearest!" rush'd on the knife.
And the Priest was happy,
"O, Father Odin,
We give you a life.
Which was his nearest?
Which was his dearest?
The Gods have answered:
We give them the wife!"

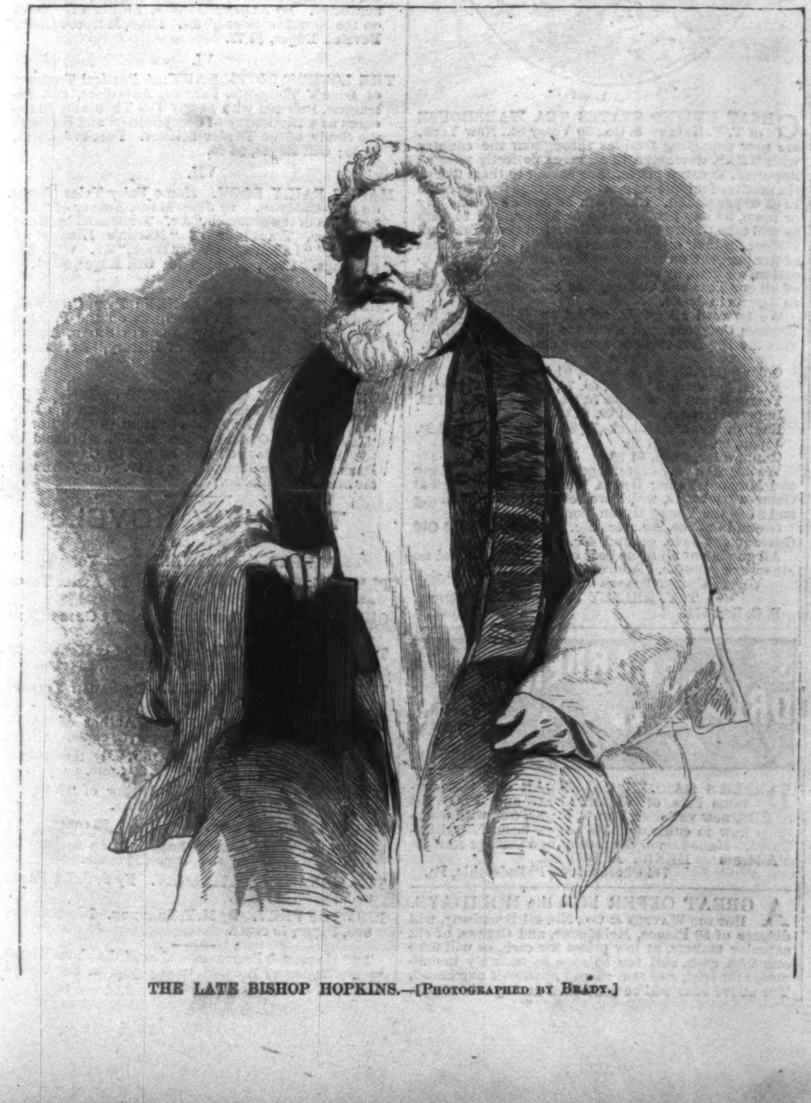
BISHOP HOPKINS OF VERMONT.

Reverend John Henry Hopkins, for many years Episcopal Bishop of Vermont, of whom we give below an accurate portrait, died on January 9, aged 76 years. He was born in Ireland, but educated in this country. After engaging unsuccessfully in mercantile affairs and the practice of law, he entered the ministry in 1823. Immediately upon his ordination in 1824, Mr. Hopkins became Rector of Trinity Church, Pittsburg, where he remained until 1831, when he went to Trinity Church, Boston, as assistant minister on the "Green foundation." In 1827 and 1829 he was clerical deputy in the General Conventions of the Church, and in both he took a prominent part in the debates. He was a candidate for the assistant Bishopric of Pennsylvania in 1827, but being a tie with his opponent, Dr. Onderdonk, he decided the contest in favor of his competitor by casting his own vote in favor of the other. In the same year that Mr. Hopkins removed to Boston he became Professor of Divinity in the new Theological Seminary of Massachusetts, and the next year—1832—he was elected first Bishop of Vermont, an office he filled until his death. He accepted at the same time the rectorship of St. Paul's, Burlington, which he retained until 1856.

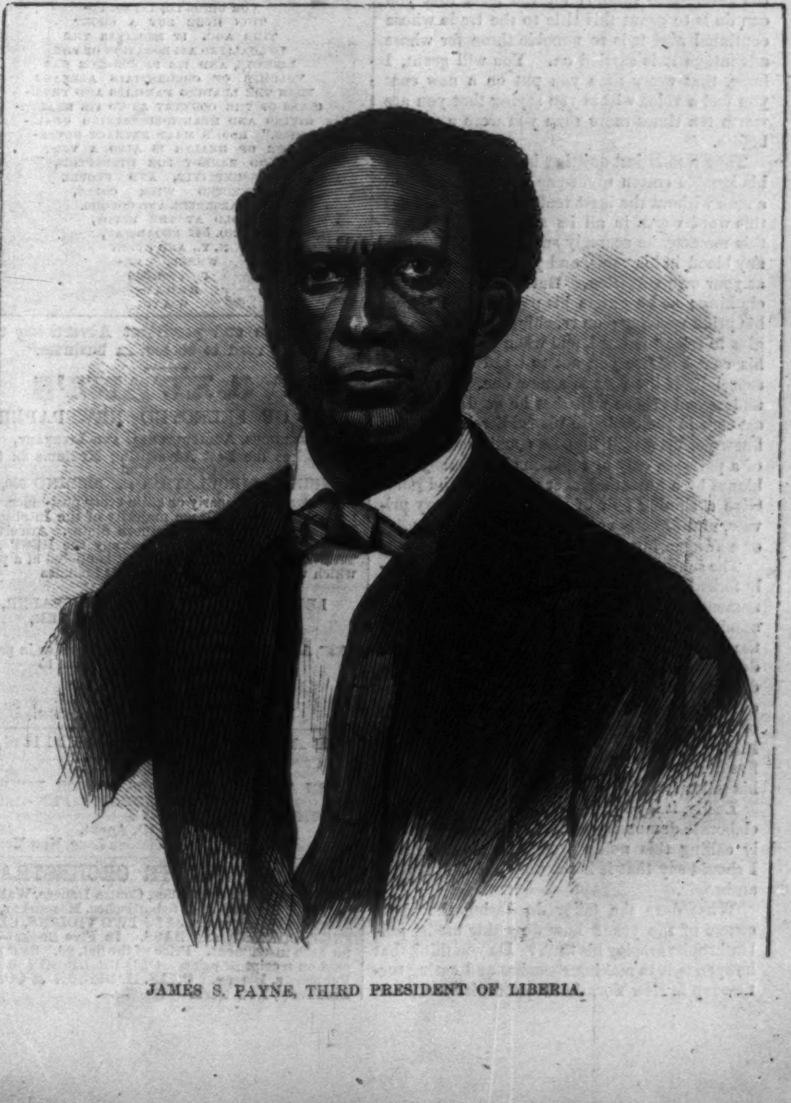
He was engaged for many years in advancing educational interests, and involved himself in debt by his efforts. He also published several works. In the dissension dividing the Episcopal Church Bishop Hopkins was a decided champion of the High Church party, and refused to sign the famous protest of the Bishops last year against High Church practices.

THE NEW PRESIDENT OF LIBERIA.

The American public take special interest and pride in the "Republic of American negroes," as the little state of Liberia, on the west coast of Africa, is called, for it is wholly an American enterprise. It was selected and purchased as a colony entirely through the humanitarian efforts of American citizens, and was colonized entirely by emancipated slaves from the United States. It has been in existence as a republic for over twenty years, and during that time has been almost wholly at peace with all nations, and has never indulged in any of those expensive luxu-



THE LATE BISHOP HOPKINS.—[Photographed by Brady.]



JAMES S. PAYNE, THIRD PRESIDENT OF LIBERIA.

ries known as civil wars and dissensions which characterize some of the West India black republics, and not a few of those of South America. The State has been well and wisely governed, and at this time is enjoying unprecedented prosperity.

We give on page 61 a portrait of JAMES S. PAYNE, the new President of the republic. He is a native of this country, has been many years in Liberia, and was inaugurated President on January 6, 1868.

THE TRADE OF TRADES.

MR. EDITOR,—Permit me through the columns of your paper to express my private and conscientious opinion on the tailor's profession, for I stifle with the desire to give utterance to the sentiments of my heart, and to do justice to this glorious but too little appreciated calling.

I declare therefore, in a loud and intelligible voice—through the organ of my pen—that the profession of a tailor is the most moral, the noblest, the most poetic, and the most philanthropic of all professions.

Yes, Sir; of all professions, not excepting that of the publisher or the corn-doctor, the peer or the pieman; and Heaven is my witness that I appreciate these classes of society at their just value—especially the publisher when he pays in ready money; for the publisher who settles with his authors for their MSS. in six months' paper is infinitely lower than the pieman himself.

If you will deign to honor me with a moment's attention I will prove to you as clear as a mould of jelly that of the four laudatory epithets which I have just applied to the profession in question, not one should be lessened in the slightest degree.

In the first place, it is *moral*. This, I think, will not admit of the shadow of a doubt to you any more than to me; for what could be more immoral than the clothing worn by man before the invention of breeches? Morality and virtue date back truly to the time when a man of genius—still better, a good man—invented breeches! Thou good man of genius, I bless thee!

It is *poetic*; for what is poetry but that charming muse which knows how to embellish by its smiling falsehoods the sad reality of things here below—and confess with me, is there any thing in the world that has more need of embellishment than the greater part of the sons of our noble country? To comfort himself for his wretched mien, man delights in repeating that he was made in the image of God, and humpbacks take especial pleasure in the saying; but the copy must have deviated frightfully from the original. Well, thanks to the tailor, almost all mortals become Antinouses seen two or three hundred yards off; and he who, in the early ages of the world, would have been unanimously acknowledged a miserable abortion of Nature, is now one of the ornaments of Broadway—thanks to the shapely figure bestowed on him by his coat.

It is *noble* (we still speak of the profession of the before-said tailor); for the least that you can do is to grant this title to the trade whose continual aim it is to ennoble those for whose advantage it is carried on. You will grant, I hope, that every time you put on a new coat you feel a voice within you saying that you are worth ten times more than you were a minute before.

Take a man just quitting his bed, and still in his ignoble cotton night-cap, and you will find a man without the least real worth—and we use this word worth in all its acceptations—for at this moment he scarcely suspects that there is any blood in his veins, and you could have him at your own valuation. But let him put on his clothing; as he enters his pantaloons he feels his pride reviving; on reaching the vest he begins to raise his head, and when he once has on his coat I advise you not to tread on his toes, especially if the coat is a new one. Napoleon understood this so well that he used the greatest care in the choice of his soldiers' dress. He knew perfectly well that he could make a hero of a poltroon only by replacing his shabby blue blouse by a hussar's jacket of scarlet and gold. Give a shining pair of epaulets to a sorry private, and directly you have a dashing grenadier or a swaggering light horseman.

The sumptuary laws in France, which formerly forbade the lower classes to wear certain ornaments reserved for the nobility alone, were admirably designed to promote the interests of the nobles; for these unhappy wretches were degraded most of all by their dress, and nobility disappeared from the country on the day that every one was at liberty to wear a dress coat; or rather on that day every one became noble. For this it was only necessary to have twenty-five dollars—what do I say? to have credit with his tailor for twenty-five dollars.

Lastly, it is *philanthropic*. This does not need elaborate demonstration. I am wrong in merely calling this noble profession philanthropic. I should say that it is the only one that is philanthropic.

What does the tailor do during the whole course of the year? how does this model philanthropist employ his time? Do you think that he spends it in making speeches and eating turtle-soup in New York in favor of missionaries in the Cannibal Islands? Do you think that he passes it in inventing some new dish, by the aid of which those who are tired of life can succeed in bidding it adieu in a week? No, gentlemen. Nevertheless, should he give himself up to this hackneyed philanthropy, honors, orders, and decorations would be showered upon him, and he could live in the eyes of the world with his virtue wrapped like a cloak around him. But, compared with the tailor, all these trumpery philanthropists are as sounding brass and tinkling cymbals.

What does he do? Ah, before replying, permit me to wipe away a tear of emotion which threatens to overflow my left eye, and which might make me squint in answering—a thing disagreeable both to you and me. What does he do? You doubtless know St. Martin, or at least you have heard your friends speak of him; consequently, you are not ignorant that he was canonized in his time, and placed in the Calendar of the Saints for having given half of his cloak to a poor devil whom he met on his way. I do not pretend to depreciate the merit of this deed; but does not the tailor, therefore, deserve to be doubly canonized, for he not only gives half a cloak entirely gratis to a host of poor devils, but a whole over-coat, often accompanied by a coat, vest, and breeches. And it is not once that this happens to him, but ten, twenty, a hundred times! Yet, as his sole recompense for these incalculable benefactions, the name of the modern St. Martin is simply put in the Directory.

O tailor! happily for thee, thou art consoled for the ingratitude of the crowd, for thou hast my esteem! Every time I pass a tailor's shop I feel like throwing myself at his feet and asking his blessing—but I restrain my feelings. I can not even see a simple journeyman in this noble branch of human industry, seated at his board, without wishing to bow respectfully to the ground before him; but again I restrain my feelings, for my politeness would be thrown away—these artists always sit bent over, so that you can not see their face.

SARTOR RESARTUS.

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GREATER UNIFORMITY IS OBTAINED,
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EASE, ELEGANCE, and BEAUTY are ACQUIRED,
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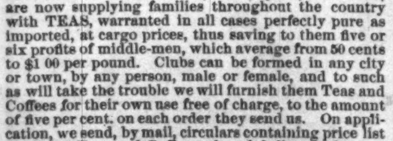

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C. W. SMITH, Lieut. U. S. N.

FORT LARNED, September 25, 1867.

Messrs. Collins & Co.:

GENTLEMEN,—I received by express your package containing two Watches—am well pleased with them. I sold them both in an hour. I now want one for Superintendent Buck, one for Assistant-Superintendent Cook, one for Carpenter Ash, one for Carpenter Johns, one for Stone-Mason Church, one for Stone-Mason Smith, and one for myself—seven in all. Send as before, by U. S. Express, C. O. D. Send immediately, and oblige Yours respectfully, D. A. HARRISON.

JACKSON FURNACE, MICH., October 1, 1867.

C. E. Collins & Co.:

The Watches that I ordered came safe to hand, and all of them are giving good satisfaction; and I must say that they far surpass my expectations, both for appearance and time. I want you to forward me four more; have them all in good running order. I am not making any thing on these Watches; I only send for my friends. One of the others was for myself, and I shall also keep another. Likely you will receive other orders from me. I would like to see one of your Chains. Respectfully, C. E. GATES, Escanaba, Delta Co., Mich.

No. 190 ROBINSON ST., ALLEGHANY CITY, PA., July 20, 1867.

Messrs. C. E. Collins & Co., Nos. 42 and 44 Nassau St., New York:

GENTLEMEN,—You will please send me, by "The Adams Express Company," one Ladies' Imitation Watch, just the same as the Ladies' Watch you sent me before, with carved case. Please collect through the Adams Express Company, as before. These Watches are a wonder at the price. Please send me a good timekeeper, and write me as soon as you ship, and very much oblige, Very respectfully, WM. NEILLIE.

POST HOSPITAL, BARRANCAS, FLA., October 16, 1867.

C. E. Collins & Co.:

GENTS,—I have this day received the Watch which you mailed on the 10th. I was much pleased with the appearance of the case. You will receive more orders from me or through me. It looks as well as the one I paid $175 for. Yours, &c., THOS. A. HOPKINS.

GRENADA, MISS., October 7, 1867.

Messrs. Collins & Co.:

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OFFICE OF THE QUINCY R. R. BRIDGE CO., QUINCY, ILL., October 9, 1867.

To Messrs. C. E. Collins & Co.:

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135 BANK STREET, CLEVELAND, Ohio, November 4, 1867.

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